HORACE

The best of Lyrick POETS.

Containing much morality, and Sweetneſſe.

Together with

Aulus Perſius Flaccus HIS SATYRES.

Tranſlated into Engliſh

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To the Reader.

FRiendly, and generous *Reader*, I preſent not *Horace* to thee, in his native luſtre, nor Language. Take theſe rather (if ſo thou pleaſe) for a reflection, from that brighter body of his living *Odes*. Behold in them *Moralitie* touched, and *Vertue* heightned, with cleareneſſe of *Spirit*, and accurateneſſe of *Judgement*. Theſe have I ſelected amongſt many, not with deſire to preſcribe the ſame choiſe to others, as a rule; nor yet with any diffidence in my own election. *Abundat quiſq; ſuo ſenſu.* When in a Garden we gather a *Coronet* of Flowres, wee intend not the totall beautie of that faire piece of proſpective, but particular ornament, and entermingled delight. Theſe ſupply both. But many (no doubt) will ſay, *Horace* is by mee forſaken, his *Lyrick* ſoftneſſe, and emphaticall *Muſe* maymed: That in all there is a generall defection from his genuine Harmony. Thoſe I muſt tell, I have in this Tranſlation, rather ſought his *Spirit*, then *Numbers*; yet the *Muſique* of Verſe not neglected neither, ſince the

Engliſh eare better heareth the *Diſtick*, and findeth that ſweetneſſe, and ayre in theſe proportions, which the *Latine* affecteth, and (queſtionleſſe) attaineth in *Saphick* or *Iambick* meaſures. Some will urge again, why were not theſe Wreathes of morall, and ſerious *Odes*, for the more varietie, and generall entertainement of moſt, mixed with his wanton and looſer ſtraines of *Poeſie*? Theſe I anſwer, and with it conclude. The *Tranſlatour* of theſe, had rather teach Vertue to the modeſt, then diſcouer Vice to the diſſolute. The ſtreames of *Helicon*, are cleare, and Chryſtalline. Drinke thou goodneſſe from theſe purer Fountaines. Whileſt ſuch take unhappy draughts, from the troubled and muddy waters of *Senſuality*

ODES

ODES OF HORACE.

The First Booke.

Ode. I.

TO MÆCENAS.

All things please not all men. HORACE *most especially affecteth the name of a* Lyrick *Poet.*

Mæcenas atavis.

MÆcenas) sprung from Granſire Kings deſcent,
O, my defence, and ſweeteſt ornament.
There are, who in their Chariots ſpeedy flight,
To rayſe *Olympique* duſt, doe take delight:
And having with chaff'd wheeles, the goale declin'd
For conqueſt's meed, have ſtile of Gods aſſign'd.
This man, if wavering Citizens contend,
His worth, with threefold honours to commend:
That other, if he in his Garnier ſtores,
What ever hath been ſwept from *Lybian* ores,
From painefull Tillage, and the Countreys love,

The wealth of *Attalus* can never move,
That he a marriner in feare of losse,
With *Cyprian* Barke *Myrtoan* Seas should crosse.
When Southwest winds, *Icarian* waves do raise,
The Marchant rest, & Countrey graunge doth praise
Straight his torne Vessell, he repayres againe,
The force of want unable to sustaine:
Some others use, old *Massique* Wines to ply,
Nor from the day some part to take deny;
Now, seeking under *Arbutt's* shade to cling,
Now neere the soft head of some gentle Spring.
In Tents, and Trumpets Eccho some delight,
Mixt with the Flute, and Warres that Mothers fright.
In Fields the Hunter on the coldest day,
Forgetfull of his tender Wife, doth stay:
Whither his faithfull doggs, have viewd the Hinde,
Or, *Marsyan* Bore his round netts have untwin'd.
Me, *Ivy* the reward for learned Browes.
A place among supernall gods allowes
Light quires of wood Nymphes, that with Satyres bid
And shady groaves from Vulger me divide:
So that my pipe *Euterpe* not restraine,
Nor *Polyhimne* to tune my Lute refraine.
But if you me, 'mongst *Lyricks* will account,
My raysed crest above the Starres shall mount,

Ode II.

To Augustus Cæsar.

Many ſtormes are powred upon the People of Rome *in revenge of* Julius Cæſar *ſlain. The only hope of the Empire is placed in the ſafty of* Auguſtus.

Jam ſatis terris.

Ove, now on Earth, ſufficient,
Of Snow, and direfull Hayle hath ſent;
Who ſhaking Towers, with fiery hand,
Affrighted made the City ſtand:
He Nations ſcarr'd, leſt *Pirrah's* Raigne
New Monſters ſhould produce againe;
As earſt when *Proteus* drave his Flock,
To feed on Cliffe of ſteepy Rock,
Then to the Elme's Tope Fiſhes clave,
Which Turtels uſ'd for ſeat to have
And Does, whom ſodaine frights diſeaſe,
Swam boldly over ſwelling Seas.
Our eyes have yealow *Tybers* Flood
Beheld, by *Tyrrhen* ſhores withſtood
With violence; run downe to beate,
The Tombes of Kings, and *Veſt'æs* ſeat.
While *Ilia* much to him complaines,
He vowes revenge: though *Jove* diſdaines
His wandring, and uxorious wave,
Upon the Citty banke, ſhould rave.
Succeeding Youth, through Parents crimes,
Impayr'd ſhall heare that paſſed times,
Have ſharp'ned ſwords; ſhall heare of bralls,
Wherewith the *Perſian* better falls.
To which god, ſhall wee Vowes aſſigne,
Now, that our State affaires decline?

What

What prayer ſhall holy Virgin Saints,
To *Veſta* yeeld, made deafe to plaints?
To whom ſhall *Jove*, the power diſpenſe,
Of expiating Sinnes offence?
(Divining *Phebus*) come wee pray,
Whoſe ſhoulders white the Clouds array.
Or if thou pleaſe (ſmoth *Venus*) hy
About whom ſport and pleaſure flye.
Or founder *Mars*, if Stocke, or Kinne,
Thou Love, which have neglected bene.
O, thou that cloyed art with fight,
Whom clamour, and ſmoth Helmes delight:
And *Mauritanian's* viſage bold,
When his ſterne Fo, he doth behold.
Or, mayſt thou (gentle *Maias* Sonne)
With winged ſpeed be hither wonne.
Auguſtus figure chang'd in thee,
Cæſar's revengefull friend to be.
Oh, mayſt thou (late) to heaven retyte;
Be preſent long, to *Rom's* deſire:
Nor may the ſpeedy blaſt of *Time*,
Take thee offended with our Crime.
Heere Triumphs ſeeke, and laſting fame,
Inſtil'd with *Prince* and *Fathers* name;
Nor ſuffer *Caſar* (thou our Guide)
The *Medians* unreveng'd to ride.

Ode XXII.

To Aristius.

Integrity of life is every where ſafe, which he proveth, by his owne example.

Integer Vitæ.

Fuſcus) the man whoſe life's entire,
And free from ſinne, needs not deſire;
The Bow nor dart from *Moore* to borow,
Nor from full Quiver poyſ'ned Arow:
Whither o're *Libya's* partched Sands,
Or *Caucaſus*, that houſleſſe ſtands,
He takes his journey; or thoſe places,
By which the fam'd *Hydaſpes* traces.
For I, while in the *Sabine* Grove,
My *Lalage* doe chaunting rove,
Fom me not marking limits dew,
A Wolfe (though I unarmed ſlew.
A Monſter ſuch, as all exceeds,
Which in large woods fierce *Daunia* feeds:
Or thoſe which *Iuba's* Kingdome hath,
The Deſert nourſe of Lyons wrath.
Place me in coldeſt Champaines, where,
No Sommer warmth, the Trees doth cheere:
Let me in that dull Climate reſt,
Which Cloudes and ſullen *Jove* infeſt:
Yea place me underneath the Carre
Of too-neere *Phebus*: ſeated farre
From dwelling *Lalage*, Il'e love,
Whoſe ſmiles, whoſe words ſo ſweetly move.

Ode XXIV.

TO VIRGILL.

Who immoderatly bemoned the death of Quintilius.

Quis desiderio sit.

MElpomene) on whom great *Jupiter*
Did shrilleſt voice to tunefull Harpe conferre:
Declare in mournefull Notes; what ſhame, or let
Should on the love of ſuch a friend beſet.
Shall then *Quintilius* ſleepe eternally?
An equall unto whom, pure *Modeſtie*
And *Juſtice* Siſter, *Faith* ſincere and plaine,
And naked *Veritie*, ſhall never gaine?
Of many Worthy men bemoan'd he fell:
But (*Virgill*) no mans griefe can thine excell.
Thou (loving) doeſt (alas) the gods in vaine
Quintillius, not ſo lent thee, aſke againe.
What if more ſweete, then *Thracian Orpheus* wyre,
You Trees perſwade, to hearken to your Lyre;
Yet can you not, returne of Life command,
To ſhadow vaine; which once with dreadfull wand,
God *Mercury*, unwilling fate t'unlocke,
Hath forced to dwell among the Stygian flocke:
Tis hard I grant "But Patience makes that light,
Which to correct, or change, exceeds our might.

Ode XXVIII.

Architas, a Philosopher and Geometrician is presented, answering to a certaine Marriner, that all men must dye, and entreating him, that hee would not suffer his body to ly on the shore unburied.

Te Maris, & Terræ

THee, who the Sea, Earth, Sands, that none can tell
To bound with measure, knew'st (*Architas*) well.
The poore gift of a little dust confines,
And neere unto the Matine shore enshrines:
Nor could it any helpe, or profit bee,
Death being ready still to call for thee;
Those ay'rie mansions to enquire from hence,
And search in mind the Heavens circumference.
The Syre of *Pelops*, who with Gods did feast,
And aged *Tython*, shrunke at Deaths arrest;
And *Minos*, to *Joves* Councells call'd was slaine,
And *Panthois* dyed let out of Hell againe,
Though he with Shield affixed, proving well
That his first Birth in *Trojan* ages fell,
Affirm'd that death nought kill'd, but nerves, & skin:
(Noe man in Natures power was better seene:)
But wee into one selfe same night doe fall,
And must the pathes of Death tread once for all.
The Furies some to games of *Mars* apply
The greedy; Sayler drencht in Seas doth lie:
In death both young and old by heaps do joyne;
Nor any head escapes sad *Proserpine*.
Yea, the South-wind, croocked *Orions* mate,
Or'whelm'd me in *Illyrian* waves of late:

But

But be thou pleased (gentle) Martiner,)
My bones, and head, in loose sand to interre.
Which done (so thou be safe) may th' Easterne wind
That move, *Hesperian* billowes be assign'd,
To bluster lowdly in *Venusium* woods:
And may on ev'ry side, thy traffick'd goods,
In plentie flow to thee, from *Joves* just hand,
And *Neptune*, who *Tarentum* doth command:
But if to frustrate me thou be not nice,
Which may thy guiltlesse issue prejudice;
I wish due punishment, and proud neglect,
May on thy Funerall Obsequies reflect:
Nor may my Prayers be powred forth in vaine,
Nor vowes have strength to set thee free againe.
Yet if thou hast, no longer stay I crave,
Then, thrice the dust be throwne upon thy grave.

Ode XXXI.

To Apollo.

He desireth not riches of Apollo, *but that hee may have a sound mind in a healthy body.*

Quid dedicatum poscit.

WHat doth thy Poet aske (*Phœbus* divine?)
What craves he, when he powres thee bowls of wine,
Not the rich corne of fat *Sardinia*,
Nor gratfull flocks of burnt *Calabria*?
Nor Gold, nor *Indian* Ivory; nor the grounds,
Which silent *Lyris*, with soft streames arrounds:
Let those whom Fortune so much store assignes,
Dresse with *Culenian* hooke, their fertile Vines:

Let the rich Marchant to the Gods ſo deare,
For ſo I terme him right, who every yeare
Three or foure times, viſits th' *Atlantique* Seas,
From ſhipwracke free:) Let him his palate pleaſe,
And drinke in guilt bowles, wines of higeſt price,
Bought with the ſale of *Syrian* Marchandiſe.
Loofe Mallows, Succory and Olive plant
Serve me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant,
To me in health, and free from lifes anoy,
Things native and ſoone gotten to enjoy;
And with a mind compoſ'd old age attaine,
Not lothſome, nor depriv'd of *Lyrick* ſtraine.

Ode XXXIV.

TO HIMSELFE.

Who repenteth, that having followed the Epicurean *Sect, he thereby hath negligently honored the gods.*

Parcus Deorum cultor.

I, Of the Gods a tardy worſhipper,
Whileſt (skill'd) in franticke wiſdome I do erre,
Now backward forced am my ſayles to raiſe,
And to ſeeke out againe forſaken wayes.
For *Jupiter*, who light to day inſpires,
Dividing ſable clouds, with ſhining fires,
Hath through the cleare skie oft ordain'd his drift,
With thunder breathing horſe and chariot ſwift,
Wherewith dull earth, and wandring rivers quacke,
The *Stygian* Fenne, and horrid Seat doth ſhake
Of hatefull *Tænerus*, and *Atlas* bounds.
God in exchang the high with low confounds:

"Hee

"Hee abject baseneſſe on the higheſt flings,
"And caſteth luſtre on obſcured things.
Hence reſtleſſe Fortune, height from one man takes,
With ſhrilleſt noyſe, and great another makes.

Ode XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

Hee beſeecheth her, that ſhee would preſerve Cæſar *going into* Brittany.

O diva gratum.

O Goddeſſe, which beloved *Antium* ſwayes,
Still ready with thy powerfull arme to raiſe,
Men from the low degree of wretched thralls,
Or turne proud triumphs into funeralls.
The poore, and ruſtick Clowne, with humble plea
Sollicites thee: Thee Lady of the Sea,
Hee lowdly invocates; who e're doth ſweepe
In *Aſian* veſſell the *Carpathian* deepe.
The *Dacian* rough, the wandring *Scythian*,
Cities, and Kingdomes; The fierce *Latian*;
Thee Mothers of *Barbarian* Kings doe feare,
And Tyrants, which bright purple garments weare.
Let not a ſtanding pillar bee or'ethrowne
With thy offended foot; nor bee it knowne,
That people apt for armes, yet now at reſt,
Take armes againe, and Empires peace inveſt.

The

Thee ſharpe Neceſſitie, doth ſtill fore-goe,
Holding in brazen hand, as pledge of woe,
Tormenting beames, and racks: and more to dant,
Sharpe hookes, and molten lead doe never want.
Thee Hope, and ſimple Faith in white attire,
Doth honour. and thy company deſire,
How e're another habit thou doſt take,
And made a foe, great houſes thou forſake.
But the falſe multitude, and perjur'd whore
Doth backe retire; yea friends when veſſells ſtore,
Is to the dregges drunke up; Away they flie,
Shuening the yoke of mutuall povertie.
Preſerve thou *Caſar* ſafe, wee thee implore,
Bound to the world's remoteſt *Brittan* ſhore,
And the late rayſed troupes of youth moſt able,
To Eaſterne parts, and red Sea formidable.
We at our ſcarres doe bluſh, Sinne, Brothers fall.
(Vile Age) what miſchefes doe we ſhun at all?
What youth, his hand, for feare of gods containes?
Or who himſelfe from Altars ſpoyle reſtraines?
Ah wouldſt thou now our blunted ſwords new frame
Th' *Arabians*, and the *Maſſagetes* to tame.

The end of the firſt Booke.

ODES

ODES OF HORACE.

The Second Booke.

Ode. II.

To C. Salustius Chrispus.

Hee prayseth Proculejus *for liberalitie towards his brothers. Onely contempt of money maketh a man happie.*

Nullus Argento color.

NO colour is in Golden vaine,
(Oh *Saluſt*, enemy of gaine)
Hidden within a greedie Mine,
Unleſſe with temperate uſe it ſhine.
Never ſhall *Proculejus* die,
Mongſt Brothers mark'd for pietie:
Surviving Fame with daring flight,
Shall yeeld his name eternall right.
In larger circuit thou doſt raigne,
If greedy humour thou reſtraine.
Then if thou *Gades* to *Lybia* joyne,
Or both the *Carthages* were thine.

T

The selfe-indulgent Dropsie growes,
Nor doth the palates thirst unlose,
Till man from vaines, the sickenesse cause,
And pallid watry faintnesse drawes.
Vertue, that vulgar doth oppose,
Not in the ranke of happy, chose
Phraat with *Cyrus* throne indude.
And doth forbid the multitude
False acclamations to make;
And rule, and Seepter safe partake,
And Bayes to him alone apply,
Who viewes huge heapes with careless eye.

Ode III.

To Delius.

Prosperous, and adverse Fortune are to be moderately borne, since one, and the selfe same condition of death, hangeth over every man.

Æquam memento.

IN adverse chaunce, an equall mind retain,
As in best fortunes tempred, free from vaine
Of mirth profuse: For (*Delius*) thou must dy,
Whither in sadnesse, thou doest ever ly;
Or, on Feast dayes retyrd to grassie shade,
Thou with close *Falerne* wine art happy made:
Where the white Poplar, and the loftie Pine,
Their friendly shade in mutuall branches twine:
And Rivers swiftly gliding strive, apace (chase,
Bout chrooked bankes, their trembling streames to

Bring hither Wine, and od'rous Unguents. Bring
The dainty Roſe, a faire, but fading thing.
While Fortune, age, and wealth yeeld ſeaſons fit:
And the three Siſters ſable loomes permit:
Thou from thy houſe muſt part, and purchaſd woods,
And village lav'd, with yellow *Tybers* floods.
And thy high hoarded heaps of wealths acceſſe,
An Heire (perhaps) ungratefull ſhall poſſeſſe.
No matter tis, whether thou rich art borne,
Of *Argive* Kings; or low, expoſd to ſcorne,
Sprung from poore Parents, liv'ſt in open fields;
Thou art Deaths ſacrifice, (who never yeelds.
We all are thither brought, 'tis he that turnes,
And winds our mortall liſ's unceraine Urnes.
Sooner or later each man hath his lot,
And exild hence, embarques in *Charons* Boat.

Ode IX.

To Valgius.

That now at length he would deſiſt, to deplore his deceaſed Myſte.

Non ſemper imbres.

The ſwelling cloud, not alwayes powers,
On rugged fields impetuos ſhowres.
Nor *Caſpian* Sea (*Valgius* belov'd)
With toſſing ſtormes is ever mov'd.
Nor on *Armenia's* bord'ring ſhore,
The ſlaggiſh ice ſtands allwaies hore:
Or *Garganus* groves, with North-winds riv'd,
Or Aſh-trees are of leaves deprivd.

You

You ſtill in mournfull ſort complaine
That death, hath deareſt *Myſte* ſlaine.
Your love not failes, if *Veſper* riſe,
Nor when bright *Heſper*, *Phœbus* flies.
But thrice-ag'd *Neſtor*, mourn'd not ſtill,
That death *Antilochus* did kill:
Nor Parents, nor ſad Siſters, ever
To waile young *Troilus* perſever.
Ceaſe then at length, thy ſoft complaints;
And in our Songs, now let us paint,
Grat *Cæſars* Trophies, and command,
And how conjoynd to conquerd land,
The *Median* ſtreame, and *Nyphate* ſtrong,
Doe in leſſe Channels, runne along;
And *Gelons* to leſſe limits tyde,
In farre more ſtraightned fields do ride.

Ode X.

To LICINIUS.

Mediocritie to be uſed in either Fortunes.

Rectius vives Licini.

YOur ſafer courſe (*Licinius*) count,
Not alwayes on the Maine to mount:
Nor whilſt you (wiſely) ſtormes abhorre,
Too much to truſt the ſhelfie ſhore:
Hee that affects the golden meane,
Lives ſafe from Cottages uncleane,
And (ſober) doth as much diſpiſe,
In envy-breeding Courts doe riſe.

The blustring windes more often farre,
Gainst lostie Pines do threaten warre:
Brave Towers with greater ruine fall,
And Thunder highest hills enthrall:
Each Fortune, minds prepar'd doth glad,
They feare in good, and hope in bad.
Jove brings in horrid Winters rage,
And sodainly doth it asswage.
If with thee now, it bee but ill,
Thinke that it cannot be so still.
Sometimes *Appollos* silent Muse,
Speakes in His Harpe; nor doth he use,
Alwayes to bend his angry Bow;
In crosses strength, and courage show.
And let your sayles with prosperous wind
Too much advanced, be declin'd.

Ode XI.

To Quintus Hirpinus.

Cares Layd aside, let us live merily.

Quid bellicos Cantaber.

WHat the *Cantabrian* stout, or *Scythian* thinke,
Divided with opposed *Adrias* brinke,
(*Quintus Herpinus*) doe not thou enquire,
Nor for lifes use, which little doth desire,
Bee thou too carefull. Smooth-fac'd youth, apace
Doth backward flie, and with it beauties grace.
Dry aged hoarinesse with furrowes deepe,
Dispelling amerous fires, and gentle sleepe.
The Summer flowers keepe not their native grace,
Nor shines the bright Moone with a constant face.

Why doſt thou tire thy mind, ſubordinate
Unto the Councels of eternall Fate?
Why under this high Plane, or Pine-tre's ſhade
In diſcompoſed, manner careleſſe layd,
Our hoary hayre perfum'd with fragrant Roſe,
And odours which *Aſſyria* doth diſcloſe.
Doe wee (annoynted) not to drinke prepare?
Free *Bacchus* diſſipates conſuming care.
But (oh) what Boy, *Falernian* wines hote rage,
Will ſoone for me, with gliding ſtreames aſſwage?
(Ah) how retyred *Lyde* will require,
Hither to come. Boy with her Ivory Lyre,
Bid her make haſt, and heire to tie not ſhame,
In carleſſe knot, like a *Laconian* Dame.

Ode XIV.

To Posthumus.

Life is ſhort, and Death is neceſſary.

Eheu fugaces poſthume.

AH *Poſthumus*, ſwift yeare doe paſſe,
Nor can religiouſe Zeale (alas)
To wrinckles, or decrepit dayes,
Or Death untamed brings delayes:
Not, if thou to harſh *Plutoes* ſhrine
Each day three hundred Bulls aſſigne:
Who *Geryon*, and *Tytius* bound,
With lable River doth ſurround.
A ſtreame on which each man muſt ſayle,
From Royall Scepter to the flayle.
Wee bloody *Mars* decline in vaine,
Or broken waves of *Adrian* maine:

And (needleſſe feare in Autumne riſe,
The South-wind's hurtfull to our life.
Wandring *Cocytus* Flood, with ſlow
And heavy Current, thou muſt know.
And *Danãus* infamous traine,
And *Syſiphus* with endleſſe paine.
Thou Houſe, Land, lovely Wife muſt want,
Nor of the Trees, which thou doſt plant,
(Thou dead) will any wayte on thee,
But the diſpiſed Cypreſſe Tree.
Thy worthier Heire, drinkes precious wine,
Which thou with hundred keies did'ſt ſhrine;
And with it the rich pavement dewes;
None ſuch the high Prieſt Banquet ſhewes.

Ode XV.

Againſt the exceſſe of that Age.

Jam pauca aratro.

MAgnifique buildings will leave ſhortlynow,
Few Akers of firme land, unto the Plough;
Now many are beheld huge Pooles to make
Of much more wide extent, then *Lucrine* Lake.
The ſolitary Plane, the Elme ſupplants,
And now no ſort of od'rous flowers wants,
As Roſes, Violets, and *Venus*-Mirtle,
Where th'Olive grew, to former Lords ſo fertile.
The Lawrell now, to *Phœbus* piercing eye,
Through his thick branches paſſage doth denie.
No ſuch Præſcript did *Romulus* exact,
Nor Elders, nor rough *Cato* did enact.

Private

Private Revenues, then, were short, and low,
And each man souhgt to make the publique flow.
Proud Galleries no private man, then made,
Of ten foot wide to let in Northerne shade.
Nor did our Lawes, then suffer us, disdaine,
A casuall Turfe, for pillow to retaine;
Commaunding townes to build, at publique charge,
And the gods Temples with new stone enlarge.

Ode XVI.

To Grosphus.

All men desire tranquilitie of mind which can neither with Riches, nor Honours bee acquired, but onely with bridleing our Appetites.

Otium Divos rogat.

SOone as black clouds have hid the *Moones* bright eye,
And Pilots cannot best knowne Stars espy,
The Marriner toss'd in *Ægean* Sea,
Straight to the gods for rest makes humble plea.
The *Thracians* fierce in warre doe ease require,
And Quiver-bearing *Medes* repose desire,
Repose, which not with gemms, purple, or gold,
(Beleeve me *Grosphus*) will be bought, or sold.
No Wealth, nor Consulls Lictors that make way,
Can from the heart disturbed tumults fray,
Nor cares which round about gilt roofes do fly.
Hee with a little liveth happily,
Who having on his homely Table plac'd
His Fathers Cup, and Salt kept undefac'd,
So lives, that feare, nor sordid lucre keepe
His waking eyes from soft, and gentle sleepe.

Why doe wee (boldly) many things propoſe
In ſhort liv'd age, which *Time* doth quickly cloſe?
Why lands with other Sonne enflamed change?
Who from himſelfe, though far from home can range?
Strong Ships are boarded by conſuming Care:
Nor doth the braveſt troupes of Horſemen ſpare:
More ſwift the is, then the light-footed Hind,
Or tempeſt-raiſing ſtormes of Eaſterne wind.
The mind in preſent cheerefull, hates to care
For what beyond it lies; And doth prepare
To temper bitter things with laughter free.
"Nothing in all reſpects can happy bee.
Death quickly ſnatched brave *Achilles* hence,
Nor did with *Tython's* long liv'd age diſpenſe:
And that (perhaps) of time I may obtaine,
VVhich thy expecting hopes ſhall never gaine.
You many fertile flocks of ſheepe command,
Sicilian Kine about you lowing ſtand.
Your Mares for Chariot fit, are hard from farre,
Lowdly to neigh: Nor garments wanting are,
Of Purple cloth, dipp'd twice in *Affrick* Dy;
VVhile a poore ſtate, by upright deſtiny,
To me is giv'n; mix'd with a ſlender name,
Of Greckiſh Muſe, and ſcorne of vulgar Fame.

Ode XVII.

TO MÆCENAS being ſicke.

Whom hee reſolveth not to ſurvive.

Cur Me querelis.

WHy kill you mee with your laments?
It neither gods, nor mee contents,

Mæcenas

Mæcenas (first) should yeeld to Fate,
The Grace, and Piller of my State.
But if a speedier stroke of death,
Rob thee (my soules best part) of breath?
VVhy stay I in the other, *Sole*,
Not pleasing to my *Selfe*, nor *whole*?
One day shall see us perish both:
I have not sworne an idle oath.
Goe, when you please, I will not stay,
But be your partner in the way.
Chimera's spirit breathing fire,
Nor hundred handed *Gyas*, Ire;
Shall this my fixed vow abate;
Thus Justice hath it pleas'd, and Fate.
Though *Libra* in his full aspect,
And feared-*Scorpius*, direct,
My *Horoscope* with rage infest,
Or, *Capricorne*, that rules the VVest;
Our Constellations both agree
In admirable sort. And thee
Ioves radiant lustre, hath exempt,
From *Saturnes* Beame malevolent,
And slack'd the wings of speedy death;
VVhat time the people with lowd breath,
Thrice in the Theater did sound
That gladsome newes: Ev'n then a wound,
By a tree's fall, my skull had broke.
But VVood-god *Faunus*, from the stroke,
Mee then did happily assist,
(Patron of each *Mercurialist*.)
Then pay thy vowes, thy temple build,
And I a tender Lambe will yeeld.

Ode XVIII.

Hee affirmeth himselfe content with little, while others are wholly addicted to their desires, and encrease of riches, as if they should alwayes live.

Non ebur, neque aureum.

NO guilded roofe, nor Ivory fret,
For splendor in my house is set;
Nor beames are from *Hymettia* sought,
To lye athwart rich Columnes brought
From *Affrick*; nor an heyre unknowne,
Attalus wealth, make I mine owne.
No honest Clyents wives you see,
Laconian Purples weave for mee:
A loyall heart, and gentle vaine,
Of wit I have; which doth constraine
Rome's richest men, to seeke the love,
Of mee but poore: Nor gods above,
Doe I invoke for larger store;
Nor of *Mæcenas* aske I more.
To mee, my onely *Sabine* field,
Sufficient happinesse doth yeeld.
"One day thrusts on another fast,
And new Moones to the Wane doe hast.
When death (perhaps) is neare at hand,
Thou fayrest Marbles dost command
Be cut for use, yet dost neglect
Thy grave, and houses still erect,
And wouldst abridge, the vast Seas shore,
Which loudly doth at *Baia* rore:
Enriched little, lesse content,
With limits of the Continent.
Why often pull you up your bounds,
Tenlarge the Circuit of your grounds,

And greedily your liſt extend
Beyond your neighbour ſtraightly penn'd?
Both man, and wife with ſordid brood,
And ancient houſhold gods, that ſtood
In quiet peace, muſt bee expeld;
Yet is no habitation, held,
For the rich Land-lord, ſo aſſur'd,
As in deepe Hell to bee immur'd.
Then whither doe you further tend?
Th'indifferent Earth, and equall friend,
As willingly opens her wombe,
For Beggers grave, as Prince's Tombe.
Gold could of *Charon* not obtaine,
To beare *Prometheus* backe againe.
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his ſtock,
Hee, in the bands of *Fate* did lock.
And call'd, or not call'd ſtill is preſt,
To give the labouring poore man, Reſt.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

ODES

ODES OF HORACE.

The Third Booke.

Ode. I.

Life is made happy, not with Riches but Mind's Tranquilitie.

Odi profanum Vulgus.

I Hate and from me doe exclude,
The moſt illiterate Multitude.
You knowing Spirits, favor bring
To me the Muſes Prieſt, who ſing
To Boyes, and ſpotleſſe Virgins, Verſe
Which none did ever yet rehearſe.
Kings awfull, their owne Subjects ſway,
And Kings themſelves doe *Jove* obay:
Who famous for the Gyants fall,
With brow auſtere doth mannage all.
Say on, more large in furowes plant
Trees, which an other man doth want
What though one boaſt an nobler ſtraine,
Affected honours to attaine:

One

One better life, and Fame pretends,
Another hath more troups of friends:
With equall Law, ne're fayling death,
The rich, and poore deprives of breath:
Casting that name, from forth his Urne,
Which next by lot to death muſt turne.
To him, who o're his wicked head,
A drawne sword ſees in twine of thread,
Sicilian Feaſtes, with dainties grac't,
Procure noe Palat-pleaſing taſt;
No chaunt of Birds, nor charme of Lyre,
Can to his eyes, ſoft ſleepe enſpire:
Delicious ſleepe, noe whit diſdaines,
The homely Cottages of Swaines:
Nor ſhady bankes, nor *Tempe* grove,
Where *Zephyrus* doth gently rove.
Hee who deſires, but what' s enough,
Feares not the Ocean billows rough:
Nor ſterne *Arcturus* force, that ſets,
Nor riſing *Kid*, who ſtormes begets:
His Vines, nor ruin'd, are with hayle,
Nor doe his crops in Harveſt faile:
His fields, now blaming water-falls,
Now parching Starres now winter-thrales.
Yea Fiſhes fele the Seas growne ſtraight,
With Bulwarks rais'd of wondrous waight:
Here the Surveyor, with his traine,
And Lord himſelfe, fill'd with diſdaine,
Of his firme Land's to narrow ring,
Building materials frequent bring:
But angry threats, and reſtleſſe Feare,
Goe with their Maſter every where.
Black Care, in ſhip, with him abides,
And ſits behind him when he rides.

But if, nor *Phrygian* Columnes, can,
Nor uſe of Purples brighter, than
Heavens Lights, diſturbed minds content,
Nor *Falerne* Vine, nor *Perſian* Sent.
Why Pillars proud, ſhould I erect,
Or Gall'ry of new Architect?
Why ſhould I *Sabine's* Countrey Grange,
For much more buſie wealth exchange?

Ode II.

To his Friends.

Boyes are to bee cnured from their tender age, to poverty, warfare, and painfull Life.

Anguſtam amici.

LEt able Youth, it ſelfe enure,
By warres ſharpe uſe, want to endure.
And mounted on his Horſe, with Speare,
No whit bold *Parthians* valour feare:
Let him expoſ'd to open ayre,
Live, and attempt, the hard'ſt affaire.
Whom wife of Tyrant, us'd to warre,
Viewing, from hoſtile walls afarre;
And Mayd for marriage ripe may crie,
With ſighes, which from ſad paſſion flie.
Oh, that my royall Love, untrain'd
In martiall feats, would be reſtrain'd,
Not to fierce Combats fatall ſtroke,
That wrathfull Lyon to provoke,

Whom

Whom bloody angers direful rage,
In thickeſt ſlaughters doth engage.
"It is a ſweet, and noble gaine,
"In Countreys quarrell to be ſlaine,
Death, the ſwift flying man purſues
With ready ſteps: Nor doth be uſe,
To ſpare, from unavoyded wrack,
Youth's ſupple hammes, or fearefull back,
Vertue diſdaining baſe neglect,
Doth ſhine with taintleſſe honours deckt:
Nor takes, or leaves ſhe honour's choyce,
To pleaſe the people's ayry voyce.
Vertue, unlocking Heav'n to praiſe,
Doth dauntleſſe try, denied wayes.
Vulgar aſſemblies doth deſpiſe,
And leaving Earth, to Heaven flies.
Yea, truſty Silence is not barr'd,
To have a merited reward.
Hee, who to blab the holy Rites,
Of ſecret *Ceres* Phane delights,
Under the ſame roofe ſhall not bee,
Nor in fraile Veſſell ſayle with mee.
"*Jove* oft neglected, makes the Juſt
"To ſmart with thoſe are ſtayn'd with luſt;
"Seldome Revenge, with halting pace,
Leaves bad fore-going men to trace.

Ode III.

Ode. III.

A man with vertue adorned, feareth nothing. Juno's Oration of Troy's overthrow, and the end of that warre. And how the Romane Empire shall take beginning from the Trojans.

Justum & tenacem.

HEe, that is juſt, and of reſolved mind,
No voyce of of Citizens to bad enclind,
Nor angry brow of haſtie Tyrants threat,
Can ſhake his ſolid thoughts from Vertue's ſeat.
Not the South winde, which doth rough *Adria* ſtir,
Nor potent hand of thundring *Iupiter*;
Yea, ſhould the world diſſolved periſh quite,
The ſodaine ruines would him not affright.
VVith this ſame Art, the wandring *Hercules*,
And *Pollux*, did the fi'ry Turrets ſeaze.
Twixt whom *Auguſtus* plac'd with roſie lips
Nectar, the Gods eternall liquor, ſips.
With this god *Bacchus*, high this worth did reare,
By Tygers drawne, untaught the yoke to beare.
VVith this Art *Romulus* on *Mars* his ſteeds,
Leaves *Acheron*, and to Heav'ns glory ſpeeds.
VVhat time the gods conſulting. *Iuno* ſayd
In gratefull accents this; *Troy*, *Troy*, betray'd,
A fatall, and inceſtuous Judge hath burn'd
And a ſtrange woman unto Aſhes turn'd
Ev'n from that time, that *Priams* wayward Sire,
Bereft the righteous gods their promis'd hire,
Which *Troy* by mee, and *Pallas* once contemn'd,
VVith Prince and people, were to flames condemn'd.
Now the knowne gueſt, of that adulterous Dame
Which fled from *Greece*, no more ſhall merit fame;

And *Priams* perjur'd ſtock, with *Hector's* ayd,
No more ſhall make the warlike *Greeks* diſmaid.
The fatall warres, which our ſeditions fed,
Are now compos'd, and angry ſtormes are dead.
Henceforth to *Mars* my fury will I leave,
And *Veſta's* off-ſpring unto grace receive:
Him I to Heav'ns bright manſions will admit,
To drink of *Nectar*, and with Gods to ſit:
While the vaſt Sea, twixt *Troy*, and *Rome* is found
Raigne happy baniſh'd men on any ground:
Whilſt heards ore *Priams* tombe, & *Paris* ſtray.
And beaſts preſerve their yoūg frō hunters pray,
Let the bright Capitoll it's glory ſpread,
And *Rome* give Laws unto the conquer'd *Mead*.
Yea let her, her far dreaded name extend,
And with the Earth's remoteſt confines end:
Where the Mid ſtream, *Europe* frō *Africk* bounds,
Or ſwelling *Nilus*, watreth fertile grounds.
Rome abler far, to ſcorne gold, yet unfound,
(Which beſt is plac'd, when deepeſt under grūd)
Then to extract it thence for humane uſe,
Each hand things ſacred foyling with abuſe.
What limit of the world, ſo e're contend,
Let thither *Rome*, her armes victorious ſend.
Glad to behold, where the burnt *Zones* doe ſtand,
Or clowdy *Poles*, which ſhowry dewes command.
But to the moſt unvanquiſh'd *Roman* State,
On this condition I preſcribe this Fate,
Leſt they, too pious, and indulgent yeeld,
The ruin'd walls of ancient *Troy* to build.
Yet if that *Fortune* by unhappy chance,
Should once againe decayed *Troy* advance
I Wife, and Siſter of *Jove*, Heavens King,
With armed troups, would new deſtructiō bring.

If thrice a Brazen wall, by *Phebus* hand
Should reared bee, it thrice by my command,
The Greeks should raze, & thrice the captive wife
Her child, and husband mourne, depriv'd of life.
But these things nothing fit my sportive Lyre;
Muse whither go'st thou? Ah! doe not aspire,
The gods discourse, thus boldly to relate
Or great things with low Layes extenuate.

Ode VI.

To the ROMANS.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

Delicta majorum.

(R*Omane*) resolve, thou shalt desertlesse tast,
Sinn's scourge, for vice of Predecessor past,
Vntill thou dost againe, repaire
Decayed Temples and make fayre,
The falling houses of the gods, digrac'd,
And cleanse their Images, with smoke defac'd
To think thee lesse thē gods, thy power cōmend
Hence take beginnings, hither ayme thy ends.
The Gods neglected, did impose
On sad *Hesperia* many woes.
Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Monæses* hand,
Our inauspicious forces did disband:
Who with a plenteous prey made glad,
To little chaines new links did add.
The *Dacian*, and the *Æthiop* fierce, in warres,
Hath almost raz'd the Citie, rent with jarres.

One with his Navy formidable,
With darts, the other better able.
This *Age* in vice abounding, did begin,
Chaſt Stocks, & Nuptials to pollute with ſinne:
The woes which from this fountain flow,
People, and Countrey overthrow.
The Mayd for Mariage ripe, much joyes to learne,
Ionick Daunces, and can well diſcerne,
With art to faine, and quickly proue,
The pleſures of unlawfull love.
Straight made a wife in midſt of husband's cups,
Shee with young Gallants, aud adulterers ſups,
Nor doth ſhe care, to whom by ſtealth,
(Light's out) ſhe yeeld loves lawleſſe wealth.
But aſke'd, doth riſe (her knowing husband by)
To proſtitute her Matriage modeſtie:
At Factors call, or Pilot's hyer,
Of luſtfull ſhame, a coſtly buyer.
That youth came not, frõ ſuch forefathers ſtrain,
Who did the Sea with Punick blood diſtaine.
By ſuch hands, *Pyrrhus* did not fall.
Antiocus, nor *Hannibal*.
But in thoſe dayes, a brave and manly race
Of ruſtick Shouldiers lived in this place,
Well skill'd in Plough, and *Sabine* ſpade,
And ſo ſtrict obedience made.
That if ſharpe mothers bad, at home returne,
They on their ſholders brogh logs hewd to burne:
Soon, as the Sun, did change the mountains ſhade,
And weary unyoak'd Oxen home-ward made,
Night gave their labours free diſpenſe,
Chaſing the Sun's bright Chariot hence.
"What waſteth not with *Times* devouring rage?
"Our fathers life, much worſe the grandſire's age,

" Sees us more wicked, to produce
" An off-spring fuller of abuſe.

Ode IX.

To Lydia.

A Dialogue of his paſſed Loves, and renuing of them againe.

This Ode, though leſſe morall then the reſt, I have admitted, for *Ful. Scaliger's* ſake, who much admireth it.

Donec gratus eram.

Horace.

WHilſt I was pleaſing in thy ey,
Nor any to thy heart more nigh,
Claſp'd, that white neck in amorous Ring,
More bleſs'd I liv'd, then *Perſia's* King.

Lydia.

Whilſt you no other Fire embrac'd,
Nor *Chloe* before *Lydia* plac'd.
I *Lydia* then with honour ſign'd,
More then the *Roman Illia* ſhin'd.

Horace.

Now *Thracian Chloe* I obey,
Skilfull, and prompt in Muſick's lay:
For whom I will not feare to dy,
So Fate to her the ſame deny.

Lydia.

Calais Ornithus ſonne doth fire
My heart with flames of like deſire.

For

For whom I twice to die, will dare
So Fates, the youth surviving spare.

Horace.

But what if ancient Love returne,
And us with mutuall passion burne;
If I shake off bright *Chloe's* hope,
And doores to scorned *Lydia* ope?

Lydia.

Though he be brighter then a Starre,
And lighter thou, then Corke by farre.
More angry then rough *Adria*; I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

Ode XIV.

To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

This Ode containeth the praises of Augustus *returning out of* Spaine, *after his Conquest over the* Cantabrians.

Herculis ritu.

AS *Hercules*, sometimes was thought
Bayes with life's hazard to have sought;
So *Cæsar* now, to us restores,
Our houshold Gods from *Spanish* shores.
The wife that with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come forth, the gods appeas'd.
Octavia Cæsar's Sister, hast,
And Head with humble veyle embrac't,
Now Mothers with your Virgins deare,
And sonnes (late) safe return'd, appeare.
Now Boyes, and you new maried trayne
Of wives, from evill words abstaine.

From mee this new made holy-day
Black ſullen cares, ſhall take away.
Nor feare I in great *Caſars* raigne,
By force, or tumult to bee ſlaine.
(Boy) Crownes, and Unguents now prepare,
And veſſell kept, ſince *Marſian* warre:
If any ſuch conceal'd hath been,
By wandring *Spartacus* not ſeene.
Let ſhrill *Neæra* here bee found,
With golden hayre in treſſes bound.
But if the Porter, make delay
With churliſh anſwer; Haſt away.
White hayres doe mollifie my mind,
To brawles, and quarrells earſt inclin'd
This in Youths heat, I could not brooke
When Conſull *Plancus*, Office tooke.

Ode XVI.

To Mæcenas.

All things lye open to Gold, but Horace *is content with his owne Fortune, whereby hee is made happy.*

Inclusam Danaën.

DOores ſtrongly fenced, and a *Brazen Tower*,
With carefull gard of waking dogs had powr
Fayre *Danaë* in ſtony walls immur'd,
From night-Adulterers to have ſecur'd:
Did not both *Iove* and *Venus* then deride
Acriſius, who the Mayd with feare did hide.
For they the way knew free, and ſafe the hold,
Were but the god once turned into gold

Gold

Gold abler, armed tropes to paſſe, then thunder,
The ſtrongeſt Fortreſſes doth rent aſſunder.
The *Argive Augur's* houſe, with all his State,
Deſire of gaine did wholly ruinate.
With gifts the *Macedonian* did ſubdue,
Strong Citie gates, and proud Kings overthrew.
Sea-men are ſnar'd with gifes, and golden ſtore;
Care, growing welth purſues with thirſt of more.
Then (deare *Mæcenas*) well may I deteſt,
To vaunt my ſelfe with elevated creſt.
"How much the more man doth himſelfe deny,
"So much the more, the gods will him ſupply.
I poore in ſtate, ſeeke thoſe that nought deſire,
And, flying, doe from rich mens tents retire,
And better live, Lord of a ſlender ſtore,
Then, were I ſayd to hold upon my flore,
What the *Apulian* painfully hath till'd,
And in great wealth bee poore, and never fill'd.
My ſtreame of waters pure, my little Copps;
My certaine hope of happy fruitfull crops,
From him his hidden in my better chance,
Who Empire in rich *Affrick* doth advance.
Though mee *Calabrian* Bees, no Honey give,
Nor wines in *Læſtrigonian* Flaggons, live
till age make good the taſt, though no man knows
That my rich fleece in fertile *Gallia* growes,
Yet from me, craving povertie doth flie;
Nor ſhould I aske you more, will you denie.
I, better will with limitted deſire,
Pay *Cæſar* little tributes, then aſpire
By greatneſſe, to unite the *Phrygian* plaine,
To *Alliatts* ample ſtate, and royall raigne.
"Who much deſire, want much: He richly lives
"Whom God, with ſparing hand ſufficient gives.

Ode XXIV.

Againſt covetous rich men.

Intactis opulentior.

ALthough you richer be by farre,
Then th' *Arabs* Mines untouch't,or *Indies* ar
Though you with deep pyles,land would gaine,
Ev'n from the *Tyrrhene*,and large *Pontique* Ma
If,on your head ſad *Fate* prevayles,
Transfixing it with Adamantine nayles,
Yet can you not your minde ſet free,
Or life,from ſnares of death exempted ſee.
The ſavage *Scithyans* better live,
(Who in their Cates,unconſtant dwelling driv
And rigid *Getes*,whoſe common ground
Doth in full ſtore of Corne and Fruits abound
And love their tillage to extend,
No longer,then the yearly ſeaſon's end:
So as whilſt one man weary lies,
A Subſtitute,him with like paines ſupplies.
The Step-dame,there in peacefull aw,
Commands her mother wanting ſonne in law:
Nor wife,though rich,her husband ſwayes,
Or,to Adult'rer ſpruce,her ſelfe betrayes.
" Vertue of Parents is great Dower,
" And Chaſtitie reſtrain'd to Wedlocks powe
" Fearefull of others touch ; that knowes
" The breach is ſin,& Death the payment owe
Oh,he that would quite take away
All impions ſlaughters,and each civill fray:
If he the Citie's Father, care
On ſtatues to be ſtil'd: Ah! let him dare,

(So

(So ſhall he future glory gaine)
Looſe libertie with bridle to reſtraine.
But vertue (living) we deſpiſe,
And much admire it, taken from our eyes.
But what need ſad complaints be ſpent,
If vice be not cut off with puniſhment?
What profit Lawes in vaine compos'd,
Without good lives? If neither Climes expos'd,
To parched heats: Nor Northerne ſtarre,
Nor ſnow hard cruſted, can the Merchant ſcarre:
Wiſe Marriners, through rough Seas flie,
The greateſt imputation (*Povertie*)
Bids us doe that, or ſuffer this,
Yet doth the painfull way of Vertue miſſe.
Then goe we to the Capitall,
Where vulgar voice, & troups of friends do call:
Or, in the neareſt Sea be bold,
Our gems, & precious ſtones, with fruitles gold,
The root of many ills to caſt.
If thou wilt fully ſinnes repentance taſt,
Let this firſt ſcope thy thoughts inſpire,
To raze the Elements of foule deſire:
And in minds tender, apt to ill,
To ſeek the ſharpeſt ſtudies to inſtill:
Youth nobly borne, as yet untride,
Feares hunting ſport, and ſpeedy horſe to ride:
Farre better skill'd *Greek Tops* to ply,
Or *Dice*, which ancient *Romane* Lawes deny:
Whilſt his falſe Syre, with cunning wiles;
His fellow-neighbour, and his gueſt beguiles,
And all this, that he may prepare
Great heaps of riches, for his worthleſſe heyre.
" Thus, though vile riches grow: yet will
" Somewhat to our weake ſtate, be wanting ſtill.

Ode

Ode XXVIII.

To Lyde.

Hee perſwadeth Lyde, *to ſpend the day dedicated to* Neptune, *pleaſantly.*

Feſto quid potius die.

WHat doe we elſe on *Neptune's* Feaſt?
Bee therefore (*Lyde*) ready preſt,
To broach *Cæcubian* Wines, enclos'd;
And let ſtrong wiſedome bee oppos'd.
Thou ſeeſt, 'tis mid-time of the day,
And yet, as if ſwift time did ſtay,
A Butt, thou ſpar'ſt, was Cellar-ſtall'd,
When *Bibulus* was Conſull call'd.
With mutuall Songs, weele *Neptune* pleaſe,
And the greene-hayrd *Nereides.*
On crooked *Lyre*, ſing thou with art,
Latona, and ſwift *Cynthia's* dart:
Whilſt our laſt ſtraine, her praiſe unfolds,
Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
And *Paphos* with payrd ſwans doth view;
Yet (*Night*) weele pay thee Verſes due.

Ode XXIX.

To Mæcenas.

Hee inviteth him to a merry Supper, laying publique cares aſide.

Tyrrhena regum.

OH my *Mæcenas*, ſprung from royall ſtraine,
Of *Tyrrhene* Kings; Behold, I doe retaine,
Long ſince by mee reſerved, to be thine,
A veſſell, yet unbroach'd of milder wine;
Soft roſie flowers, for thee I will prepare,
And ſupple Unguents, preſſed for thy haire.
Then free thee from delay: Nor alwayes yeeld,
To view from farre *Æſulus* hanging field,
Moyſt *Tybour's* Site. Nor let thy eyes abide,
On hills of *Telegon*, the Parricide.
Leave off to ſee, ſucceſſefull *Rome* rejoyce,
In ſmoaky hopes, much wealth, and vulgar voyce.
To great men, changes oft-times gratefull are:
And under humble roofes, neat frugall fare,
Without rich hangings, or gay purple ſtate,
Doth the moſt buſie brow to mirth dilate.
Now bright *Andromeda's* refulgent Sire,
Shewes to this under-world, his hidden fire:
Now *Procyon*, and the raging *lyon* ſwayes,
Phæbus reducing drie, and parched dayes.
The Shepherd tyr'd with his faint flok doth hie,
To find coole ſhades, or trembling current nigh,
And rough *Silvanus* thickets: while the ſhore,
Becalmed, ſtands, from wind's tumultuous rore.

Meane

Meane time the good of *Rome*, in mind you be
And of her much sollicitous, doe feare
What *Seres* plot, or *Bactria*, *Cyrus* state,
Or, *Tanais* warlike dweller perpetrate.
All knowing God, with cloudy night doth cl
Events of future times, and laughs at those,
Who beyond reason feare: Thy present state,
See then with equall mind thou moderate.
All other things, like to a River's source,
Who in the middle Channell of his course,
Now to the *Tyrrhene* Sea in silence straye;
But when fierce Deluges, calme Rivers raise,
He then in heaps rowls down with dreadful so
Stones billow-gnawn, & trees torn frō the grou
With house, and cattell borne along the flood,
Frighting the hill with noyse, & neighboring
He after of himself, lives merry daies, (woo
Who (this day I have liv'd) and truly saies;
To morrow (*Iove*) with black clouds heav'n in
Or let the Sun shew forth his golden face. (brac
Yet notwithstanding God will not agree
That what is passed once shall frustrate be
Nor what the once swift sliding hour hathwrough
Will he unfashion'd leave, or bring to nought.
Fortune in adverse chances, sportive ever,
And bold in scornfull pastime to persever
Transferreth her uncertaine honours: Now
To me propitious, instantly to you.
I praise her, while she stayes; but if she shake
Her fleet wings, I restore what I did take:
And me with my own vertue, doe invest;
Making thin honest povertie my guest.
Tis not for me, in prayer time to wast,
When wracking Southern wind hath rēt the Mast

And bargain with the gods, that the vaſt floods,
May to their wealth, not add my *Tyrian* goods:
When I into ſuch dangerous hazard fall,
The Wind, and *Pollux* with his brother, ſhall
Me with a poore two oared Veſſels ayd,
See, ſafely through *Ægean* ſtormes convayd.

Ode XXX.

To Melpomene.

Horace *hath obtained eternall glory, by writing of* Lyrick *Verſes.*

Exegi Monumentum.

A Monument by me is brought to paſſe,
Out-living Pyramids, or laſting braſſe,
The Sepulchre of Kings; with eating raine,
Nor the fierce Nottherne tempeſt can reſtraine:
Nor *Yeares* though nũberleſſe:) nor *Times* ſwift (ſtart,
I will not wholly die; my better part,
Shall ſcape the ſullen hearſe: bright fame ſhal raiſe
My memory renew'd, with future praiſe:
While in the Capitoll the Prieſt aſcends,
With *Veſtalls* pure, whom ſilence ſo commends.
I (though) of humble ſtraine will be declar'd
The firſt, and able moſt, that ever dar'd,
Into *Italian* Proportion's uſe,
Æolian antique Meaſures to reduce.
Where *Auſidus* with wrathfull ſtreame doth roar
Or *Daunus* poore in waters, reigneth or'e
Rough barbarous Nations. Take to thee a name,
Which beſt (*Melpomene*) may ſute thy fame.
And (willingly thy Poet doth requeſt,
My haire with *Delphick* Lawrell thou inveſt.

The End of the third Booke.

ODES

ODES OF HORACE.

The Fourth Booke.

Ode III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Horace *is borne to Poetry, by whose ayd, hee hath obtained immortall glory.*

Quem tu Melpomene.

ON whom *(Melpomene)* with mild aſpect,
Thou ſhalt thy favour at his Birth reflect,
Him, *Iſtmian* Labour ſhall not higher reare
With Wraſtlers title, nor ſwift horſes beare
By *Grecian* Chariot drawne, for Victors mee'd
In pompous triumph; nor for warlike deed,
A Captaine in the Capitoll bee made,
And deck'd with *Delian* Bayes, who durſt invade
And breake the ſwelling threats of hoſtile Kings:
But rather thoſe ſoft-falling gentle Springs,
Which waſh fat *Tybur*, & Groves thickly grown,
Shall make his worth in *Lyrick* Verſe be ſhown.

Rome

Rome Queene of Cities, doth no whit diſdaine
Mee for the muſes ſake to entertaine,
Amongſt the Poets, loved Quires to ſit,
So that I now, am leſſe with Envy bit.
(Oh thou *Pierian*) which with Harpe of gold,
Doſt in ſweet notes harmonious ayre unfold;
(Oh thou) who if thou pleaſe, to Fiſhes mute,
The Swan's delicious Song canſt attribute:
It wholly is a gift deriv'd from thee,
That by each finger, which doth paſſe by me,
The *Romane Lyrick* Harper they deſigne.
That I doe breath, and pleaſe (if pleaſe) is thine.

Ode V.

To Augustus.

That now at length he would returne into the City.

Divis orte bonis.

(Cæſar) thou from the gods propitious ſprong,
Our beſt preſerver; ſtay'ſt away too long.
Wee promiſe of thy quicke returne require,
Made to the ſacred Senate: Oh retire,
(Good *Cæſar*) on thy Countrey light reflect,
For where thy Spring-like face doth beames eject,
More joyfull to the people are the dayes,
And better doth the Sunne, transfuſe his rayes.
Like as a Mother (when the Southerne wind,
Her ſonne with envious tempeſt hath confin'd,
Beyond the billowes of *Carpathian* Straights
More then a yeare: (His home-returne awaights

With

With vowes, and prayers; And the gods implore
Her eye not ſtirring from the crooked ſhores.
So ſtrucken with their faithfull heart's deſire,
Thy Countrey *Cæſar*) doth thy ſelfe require.
Behold the Oxe, ſafe, wandreth up and downe;
Ceres, and bright *Felicitie* doe crowne,
And feed the Land. The Seas are calmer fram'd
For *Saylers* uſe. Faith feareth to be blam'd.
No chaſt houſe, with Adulteri's defil'd;
Cuſtome and Law, hath ſpotted ſin exil'd.
For Sons like Syres, the Mothers we commend,
" Companion puniſhment doth vice attend.
Who feares the *Parthian* now, or *Scythian* bold;
Or Monſters, which rough *Germany* doth hold.
Or *Cæſar* being ſafe, who will regard,
That fierce *Iberia* ſtands for armes prepar'd?
Each man in his own hills, doth cloſe the day,
And Vines about the widow Elme diſplay.
Then frolike to his banquet he retires,
And thee a god, in ſecond Cups admites.
With many prayers, he doth his Vows enflame,
And powres full goblets out unto thy name;
Thy Godhead ſeeking with his *Lars* to pleaſe,
As *Greece* their *Caſtor* and great *Hercules*.
(Good *Cæſar*) render long repoſe we pray,
To glad *Heſperia*: This we (ſober) ſay
When day firſt breaks: This moyſtned, when
The Sun invites us, waning in the Weſt.

Ode VII.

To Lucius Manlius Torquatus.

Since time changeth all things, let us live merily.

Diffugere nives.

NOw ſnows are quite diſſolv'd, freſh graſſe we ſee
To fields return'd, and leaves to every tree.
The earth with various change each ſeaſon ranks,
And falling Rivers glide within their banks.
Aglaia dareth (naked) on the ground,
With Nimphs, and her two ſiſters dance a-round.
The yeare us warnes immortall things to doubt,
And Hower, which circumvolves the day about.
Soft Weſtern winds, on Winter mildneſſe bring,
Soone wither'd Summer, weareth out the Spring.
Then mellow Autumne, powres his fruits amain,
And inſtantly dull Winter turnes againe.
Yet ſpeedy Mooiſes celeſtiall harmes reſtore
To after times: when we are gone before,
Where *Tullus*, good *Æneas*, *Ancus* trade,
Nought are we elſe (alas) but duſt, and ſhade.
Who is it knowes, whether the heavenly powers,
Will add to this daies ſumme to morrows howers.
Your greedy heire in nothig ſhall have part,
Which you in life ſhal give with bounteous heart.
But when you once are dead, and powers divine,
To you, an equall ſentence ſhall aſſigne,

Then (oh *Torquatus*) blood, nor eloquence,
Nor pietie, can life againe dispense:
For neither chast *Hypolitus*, was free
By *Dian* set, from Hells obscuritie;
Nor were *Læthean* bands, by *Theseus*
Dissolved, for his deare *Pyrithous*.

Ode VIII.
To MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

There is nothing which can more immortalize men, then Poets Verses.

Donarem pateras.

TO friends I would give freely (*Censorine*)
Pieces of richest Plate, and Bowles for Wine,
Three footed Tables, (Valiant Greeks reward)
Nor from my choycest gifts should you be barr'd
Where I with artfull figures richly sped,
Which *Parrhase* drew, or *Scopas* pourtrayed
In colours one, in stone the other bold,
A man sometimes, sometimes a God to mould.
But I have not this power: Nor doe suppose,
Your wealth, or wish, wants such delights, as those
You Verses love; for Verse we make a shift,
And know what price to set on such a guift.
No Marbles with deep Characters engrav'd,
By which to valiant Captaines life is sav'd,
And spirit after death: Not speedy flight,
Nor threats of *Hannibal*, rejected quite:
Nor flames of *Carthage* better sound his praise,
Who did his name from conquer'd *Africk* raise,

Then *Ennius* Muſe: Nor can reward be wonne,
If paper tell not, what was bravely done.
What would become of *Mars*, and *Illa's* brood,
If ſpightfull ſilence, *Romulus* withſtood?
The ſtrength, and grace of Poets powerfull wit,
Makes *Æacus* in helds *Elizian* ſit,
Snatched from *Stygian* floods. " Muſes denie,
" A man deſerving praiſe ſhould ever die.
" Muſes give heav'n: So dauntleſſe *Hercules*,
In *Ioves* wiſh'd Banquets doth his palate pleaſe:
Caſtor and *Pollux* bright Starre doth redeeme,
Storm-beaten Veſſels, which doe ſhipwrakt ſeem.
God *Bacchus* brow, adorn'd with verdant Vine,
Doth happy end, unto our vowes aſſigne.

Ode XIII.

To Virgill.

He deſcribeth the reproach of the Spring, and inviteth Virgil *under condition to a Banquet.*

Iam veris comites,

Outhwinds, the Spring attending ſtill,
Now Seas doe calme, and Sayles doe fill:
Now Froſts doe not make Meadowes hore,
Nor Winter Snow, ſwolne Rivers rore.
The luckleſſe Bird, her neſt doth frame,
Bewayling *Itis*, and the ſhame,
Of *Cecrops* houſe; and that ſo ill,
On Kings rude luſt, ſhe wrought her will,
The Shepheards of rich Flocks rehearſe,
And to their Pipes chaunt rurall Verſe:

And ſeek his God-head to appeaſe,
Whom flockes, and hills *Arcadian* pleaſe.
Theſe times doe thirſtie Seaſons ſend.
But if (thou *Virgil*) *Cæſar's* friend,
With preſs'd *Calenian* Liquor hie,
For Wine, thou ſhalt ſweet unguents buy.
And purchaſe with a little Box,
Wine, which *Sulpitius* ſafely locks,
New hopes moſt powerfull to create,
And bitter cares to diſſipate,
Unto which comfort, if thou haſt,
Come hither with thy Unguents faſt.
I'le not (free coſt) my cups carrouſe,
As rich men in a plenteous houſe.
Then leave delayes, and Gaine's deſire,
And mindfull of black Funerall fire,
" Short folly mixe with Councells beſt.
" 'Tis ſweet, ſometime to be in jeſt.

Ode XIII.

Againſt Lyce.

Who being old, is become a ſcorne to young men.

Audivêre Lyce.

THe Gods have (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou.
Faine would'ſt (forſooth) be counted faire,
And quaffe, and wanton with the ayre:

And (drunk) with trembling voyce invite
Slow *Cupid*; who takes more delight,
On *Chia's* roſie cheekes to ſtay,
Both young, and skill'd in Muſick s lay.
For he, delay not booking, flies
From wither'd Okes; and from thee hies,
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinckled face,
And head of ſnowy haire, diſgrace.
Now cannot *Coan* Purple's uſe,
Nor brighteſt gemms, the *Time* reduce,
Which once ſwift winged *Age* hath clos'd
In publique Calenders diſpos'd.
Where is thy beauty fled? (Ay me)
Thy colour freſh, and motion free?
What haſt thou of that, that entire,
Which earſt inſpired amorous fire?
And did me from my ſelfe divert;
Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
For pleaſing beauty, and ſweet grace,
Diſcov'red in a lovely face.
But Fates to *Cynaras* did owe,
Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crowe;
They heere ſurviving longer hold,
That fervent young men may behold.
Not without laughter, and much ſcorne,
A flaming torch to aſhes worne.

Ode XV.

The prayses of Augustus.

Phœbus volentem.

MY Muse by *Phebus* was rebuk'd of late
For singing warres, and vanquish'd cities fate.
Like those, who in the *Tyrren* Ocean's rage,
Doe little Sayles advance. (*Cæsar*) thy age,
Affordeth plenteous fruits, unto the fields,
And to *Ioves* Capitoll our Ensignes yeelds,
From *Parthian* Pillars snatch'd, and after jarre
Hath closed *Ianus* Temple free from warres.
Confusion hath with Order rectifi'd,
And wandring Libertie in fetters ty'd.
Hath antique arts recall'd: By which tis known
Hesperia's strength and *Latine* name hath grown.
Imperiall pompe hath spred and glory wonne,
Stretcht from the rising, to the setting Sunne.
While *Cæsar* is our Guardian, civill warre,
Nor violence, our peacefull rest: shall marre.
Nor anger, which swords sharpnerh, & confound
Cities, unhappy made with mutuall wounds.
Not they for thirst, that drink in *Ister* deep,
Shall once refuse, the *Iulian* Lawes to keep.
Not *Scres*, faithlesse *Persians*, nor the *Getes*,
Nor those, which neere to *Tanais* have their seates.
And we on holy Eeves, and holy Dayes,
Amongst free Cups, to merry *Bacchus* prayse:
With wife, and children, standing in our sight,
(First Gods invoking with Religious Rite)
Will gladly (as our Grandsires did) rehearse,
(And tuning *Lydian* Pipe to various Verse,)
Heroique Captaines, *Troy*, *Anchises* gone,
And brave *Æneas*, *Cytherea's* sonne.

The end of the fourth Booke.

CEN

CERTAINE EPODS OF HORACE.

Epod. I.

To Mæcenas.

Horace *will travell with* Mæcenas *going to the* Actiack *warres against.* M. Anthony.

Ibis liburnis.

IN low built Barkes, thou wilt not fayle,
Monst loftie towring Ships to fayle;
And dost (*Mæcenas*) much encline,
To make great *Cæsar's* perill thine.
What shall we doe? Whose life is blest,
If thou survive: If not, distrest.
Shall we (commanded) idle bee:
Repose is toyle, if not with thee.
Or shall we undergoe these paines,
With minds which no soft ease restraines?
We will? And through the *Alpes* ascent,
And *Caucasus*, where none frequent:
Yea to the utmost Westerne parts,
Will follow thee, with constant hearts.

You'le aske; How can thy labour pleaſe
Untrain'd in armes, and weake with eaſe?,
" In company, Feares little ſeeme,
Which men in abſence, great eſteeme.
As Bird, her plumeleſſe young ones, left,
More feares to find by Serpents reft;
Not that ſhe can with preſence, bring
Force able to reſiſt the ſting.
This warfare will I undertake,
Or any other, for thy ſake.
Not that my many Ploughs are found,
With Oxen more, to till the ground.
Or Beaſts to *Lucan* Meads are ſent,
Calabrian fervors to prevent.
Nor *Tuſculum*, my Village cleare,
May to *Circæan* walls, come neare.
Thy favour me enough hath ſtoar'd,
Which I, as *Chremes* will not hoard
Within the earth, nor ever ſhall
Spend like a waſtfull prodigall.

Epod. II.

The praiſe of the Countrey life.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

HE happy is, who far from buſie toyle,
(As elder ages) tills the ſoyle
With his owne Cattle, which his father left,
From thralling intereſt bereft.
He is not mov'd, when warlike Drums doe beat,
Nor feares the angry Ocean's threat.
He Pleas and Suits abhorres, and doth refuſe,
The grace of mighty men to uſe.

But either doth to talleſt Poplars twine,
The tender off-ſprings of the Vine.
And cutting branches off, which uſeleſſe were,
Graft thoſe, which better fruit may beare.
Or, vieweth in ſome winding valley's maze,
His wandring Heards of Cattle, graze.
Or doth preſs'd honey in pure veſſels keep,
Or, ſheare his wooll o're burdned ſheep.
But when with mellow fruit ripe *Autumn* crownd
His head upreareth from the ground.
How he to taſt the grafted Peare delights,
And grape, that with the Purple fights.
Which to *Priapus*, as a gift redounds,
Or, old *Silvanus*, God of Bounds.
Now under aged Oke, he howres doth paſſe,
And now repoſeth on the graſſe.
While gentle Rivers from high banks doe glide,
And Birds their warbling notes divide:
Small ſtreames, on purling pibbles murmur keep,
To ſummon ſoft, and eaſie ſleep.
But when lowd *Jove*, rough Winter ſends below,
In ſtormy ſhowres, and chilling ſnow.
Then he the hardy Bore, from place to place,
With Fleet Hounds, into Toyles doth chace:
Or elſe, the fearefull Hare, and forraine Crane
With pleaſing ſpoyle, in grinns are ta'ne.
Ah! who in thought, mongſt ſuch delights re-
Leaſt ſenſe, of love's diſturbing paines? (taines
But if (in part) a modeſt wife direct
The houſe, and children deare affect.
As *Sabine* earſt, or ſwift *Apulian's* dame,
Parched with tawney *Phebus* flame,
With old dry wood, a bleſs'd fire make to burne,
'Gainſt weary husband's wiſh'd returne:

And

And folding gladſome flocks in woven grates,
Dryes up their dugges, which milke dilates;
And broaching new wines kept in veſſells faire,
And (unbought) Supper doth prepare.
The *Lucrine Oyſter* (ſure) nor *Guilthead* bright,
Nor *Turbot*, yeeldeth more delight;
If Winter ſuch, when Eaſterne tempeſts rore,
Doe drive upon our *Terrhene* ſhore.
Ionick Partriges, nor *Africk Quaile*,
Upon my palate more prevaile,
Then doth the unctious Olive choicely cull'd,
From fertile Branches newly pull'd:
Or Sorrell that in Meadowes doth abound,
And Mallowes, bodies making ſound.
Or Lambe, on *Terminus* his Feaſt that dies,
Or Kidd redeem'd, from Wolfe's ſurpriſe.
Amongſt theſe dainties, what content it yeelds,
To ſee the fed flocks leave the fields.
To ſee the weary Oxe with neck worne bare,
Dragging the turned plough and ſhare:
And Hinds (the plenteous houſhold ſwarme)
'Bout ſhining *Lars* to ſit, and warme.
This ſaid, rich *Alphius* that money lends,
To lead a Countrey life intends;
And in the *Ides* his Debts call'd in amaine,
But in the *Calendo* lent againe.

Epod VII.

To the people of ROME.

An Execration of the civill warre, raiſed, on the one ſide by Brutus, *and* Caſſius; *on the other, by* Octavian, M. Anthony, *and* Lepidus *the Roman Conſulls.*

Quo, quo ſceleſti.

AH Traytors, whither haſt you? To what end,
Do your right hãds, to ſhethed ſwords deſcẽd?
Is there ſo little yet, of *Latine* blood,
Powr'd on the Champain fields, or Ocean flood?
Not that the *Roman* ſhould with flames abate,
The Towers of *Carthage*, envious of our ſtate:
Or *Britton* ſhould (unconquered to this day)
Be taught, in chaines to tread the ſacred way.
But that (which now the *Parthian* would demãd)
This Citie ſhould be raz'd by civill hand.
'Mongſt Wolves, and Lyons never was this uſe,
But beaſts, whom nture diff'rent doth produce.
Doth Fury blind? Or greater power command?
Or ſinne's offence? Oh let me underſtand?
They ſilent are: Their cheeks are paler made,
And feares their horror-ſtrucken minds invade
Tis ſo: Sowre Fates doe *Rome* with fury ſtaine,
And tyrannous offence of brother ſlaine.
Which on enſuing ages layd the guilt.
When *Remus* harmleſſe blood on earth was ſpilt.

Epod

Epod XIII.

To his merry friends, that they ſhould paſſe the Winter pleaſantly.

Horrida tempeſtas.

ROugh tempeſts have the brow of heaven bent,
And ſhowres, and ſnowes, cauſe thickned ayr's deſcent.
Now *Thracian* Northwinds, Sea, & woods affray
Friends, let us take occaſion, from the day;
While ſtrength is freſh, and us it well becomes,
Let Age be lightned, which the brow benummes.
Boy, ſee you broach thoſe elder wines were preſs'd
When *Torquate* firſt, the Conſul's place poſſeſs'd.
Speake not of other things. God will perchance,
Theſe to their ſeat, with happy change advance,
Unguents of *Perſian* Odours, now delight;
Cares driving with *Cylenian* Harpe to flight;
As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* ſang,
Unvanquiſh'd Mortall, that from *Thetis* ſprang,
Thee *Troy* expects; which *Simois* rowling Tyde,
And ſmall *Scamander's* colder ſtreames divide,
Whence to returne, ſo Fates thy thread undoe,
Thou canſt not back with thy blew Mother goe.
All Sorrow there, with wine, and Song depreſſe,
(Sweet comforts, of deformed heavineſſe.)

The Ende of the Epods.

On the day of judgement.

Mat. chap. 24. V. 29. 30. 31.

WHen the laſt Trumpet with a dreadfull call
Reſounding farre and near, ſhall ſummon all,
To leave Deaths pitchy dung'on, and awake
Before *Jehovah* their account to make.
Refulgent *Titan* muſt put out his light,
And flee for ſuccour to the ſable Night.
While his unharnes'd Steeds, with gilded heeles,
Gallop about this Globe, burning the fields
With flames ejected, when their fury ope's
The flaming Caverns of their burning throats.
The ſilver Moon with black ſhades muſt infol'd,
Her *Ebon* Chariot, and be headlong rowl'd
From her Enamel'd Throne, while ſullen miſt
Rap's up her curled flames; thoſe hils which kiſt
The Skies with their ambitious height, muſt now
Their ſtately Necks below the Center bow,
Mountaines ſhall fall upon their knees, as though
They beg'd pardon for aſpiring, Seas ſhall flow
With floods of crimſon hue; loud roaring thũder
With ſenſe conſoũding cracks, ſhal ſplit in ſunder
Joves lofty Pallace: falling Starres ſhall cruſh
Earth with their painted burden, while they ruſh
In pale affrighted Troopes, and joyntly try
Which ſhall amongſt them moſt dejected lye.
The bright ſphears ſtãding ſtil ſhal ceaſe to chime
Suppoſing now that all conſuming time
Should in Eternitie be quite involv'd,
And the whole Fabrick of the world diſſolv'd.
Then heavens Monarch in a Carre of gold
Shall ride triumphant, ſacred truth ſhall hold

Over

Over his head a Crowne, and Cherubs bright
Disply their checkerd wings effusing light
From their refulgent faces, Crowned quires
Oft skie-borne Choristers with sounding Lyres.
Shall chask forth Hallalujah's, on each hand
Martyrs and *Saints* in flaming troops shall stand.
A Cloake enchast with Starres and spangl'd over
With sparkling Diamonds shall closely cover
His glittring Members; thus in Majestie
The large Tribunall shall be plac'd on hye.
Then shall his People heare that lovely voice
Of come yee blessed, and in this rejoyce
That you shall dwel where floods of Nectar flow
And endlesse blisses doe for ever grow'
But those (alas) whom his revewing ire,
Shall deeply plung'd in everlasting fire,
Those shall find Night in flames, and alwaies lye
As dayly dying and yet never dye.

A briefe Meditation on Mans frailty.

HOw frayle is man? Oh how his fortune reels
On giddy Hinges, aud unstable Wheeles?
Just as a Flower, when the Meadows gay
D'on checquer'd Garments in the month of May
Layes o'pe its varnisht pride against the Sunne,
While perfum'd *Zephyr* through the fields doth run
In Aromatick gusts, and oft doth play
With wanton *Cloris* prostrate in his way.
But when the Dog with scorching heat is stung
Lapping up Rivers with his blazing toungue;
Then the Inamel'd stem hangs drooping down
And sheads his leaves upon the painted ground.
Thus fade our Dayes, thus all our joyes are gone
Almost before they can be thought upon. As

An Elegy on the thrice Renowned Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

OH let me to ſome diſmall Cypreſſe turne,
That thus transform'd I might for ever morn
Over thy Tombe, thou brave Heroick ſpirit,
Whoſe choice perfections claimed to inherit
All hearts that knew thee, and whoſe vertue ſhall,
Survive the Relicks of thy Funerall.
You watry Nymphs which makes thoſe moſſy (beds
Where *Tame* and *Iſis* reſt their ſilver heads.
Don ſable weeds, and in your Criſtall bowres
Playing at drop teares ſpend the winged houres.
You ſhepheards all which the *Arcadian* plaines
With Oaten reeds chant forth melodious ſtraines
Let briniſh teares flow from your dropping eyes,
And bath your Muſe in weeping Elegies,
Sydney is gone, you wanton Faun that trip
About the enameld Greene, and gently ſip
The cryſtall of cleere Brooks let ſorrows make
Your jollity to ceaſe, and ſhreiks awake
Echo from the Embroidred Vales, let *Philomel*
Prepare no more her own ſad rape to tell,
But may that melancholy Bird with ſighs let [fall
Dirges bewayling *Sydneys* funerall.
Natures whole Fabrick ſeems ſtill to deplore
His fate, fields ſmile not as they did before.
Gay Lillies fade, nor can the purple Roſe
Her gawdy ſhop to mortall eyes expoſe.
For loe her Damask leaves halfe witherd flye
To kiſſe Earths Boſome, and there drooping dye.
But if they yet their crimſon dye retaine
They bluſh at *Sydneyes* ſcarrs, Weep, weep amaine

Bright

Bright *Venus* with thy winged Boy, oh ſhall now
With *Nectar* dropping pens ſuch furrows plow,
In which the ſcatter'd ſeed of growing fame,
Could bring forth Harveſts of a laſting Name.
Who ſhall record Loves triumphs? Who ſhall find
New fained ſtories, to delight the mind
Of all greene ſickneſſe Girles? Or who ſhall bee
The Prop to ſtay declining Poetry?
Death hath put out this radiant Lamp of light,
And left the world wrapt up in pitchy night.
But ſtay, why weep I thus? by this he's come
To trace the fields of bleſt *Eliſium*: (houres
There ſhall he comfort thoſe which ſpend their
In melancholy Groves and Mertill bowers,
Reſt Honourd Aſhes in your marble Tombe
Maugre all malice, while Earths teeming womb
Layes open *Flora's* Wardrope to adorne
Thy hearſe with pleaſing flowres, ſuch as mourne
Strowes in the Eaſterne windows, when the dawn
Appeares like Roſes overſpread with Lawne.
Thy ſoule ſhall flie on fames high ſoaring wings
Above the glory of triumphant Kings.
The Book ſhall live, till time ſhall be no more,
Till Skies ſhall want a Sun, and Seas a ſhore,

FINIS.

Aulus Perſius Flaccus
HIS
SATYRES.

Tranſlated into Engliſh,
By BARTEN HOLYDAY
Dr of Divinity, and late Student of CHRIST-CHURCH in OXFORD.

And now newly by him reviewed, amended, and enlarged.

Hinc trahe quæ dicas, menſámque relinque Mycenis
Cum capite & pedibus ——

The fifth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for the Author. 1650.

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To the Author his most loved Friend,

Dr BARTEN HOLYDAY.

Hat None have Dar'd, Thou hast; and might'st againe
With praise, were it undar'd. Did'st thou abstaine
Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Prevent;
If any, what would breed thy more Content
Then, when by victory, thy glory should
Be doubled? yea, although recall some could,
From field of rest, thy PERSIUS *to consult:*
Yet would no lesse praise from thy lines result,
Then that unparalel'd, which now is due
From those that read thee. Who when they shal view
How truly with thine Author thou dost pace,
How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace
Thou dost with him observe in every terme:
They cannot, but, if just, justly affirme;
That did your times as do your lines agree,
He might be thought to have translated Thee.
But that he's Darker, not so strong; Wherein
Thy greater Art more clearely may be seene:
Which dost thy Persius *clowdy stormes display*
With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay
Couched perchance in him, but wanted force
To breake, or light from darknesse to divorce:
Till Thine Exhaled skill compres'd it so,
That forc'd the clowds to breake, the light to shew,
The thunder to be heard. That now each child

Can prattle what was meant: whil'st thou art fill'd
Of all, with titles of true dignity,
For lofty Phraſe, and perſpicuity.

W. CARTWRIGHT.

To his loving Friend Maſter *B. H.* upon *PERSIUS* tranſlated.

THis work me thinks makes my conjecture bold
T'affirme th' Athenians *paradox is true,*
When by yeares revolution I behold
Men dead revive; things long ſince old, grow new:
For ſhould dead Rome *awake, & thoſe looſe times*
Which feard and felt this ſcourging Satyriſt,
She might againe in us review her crimes;
As fertile is Our age, Nor hath it miſt
The worſt of all her ills. Vainly we thought
Thy aſhes (Perſius) *Slept within thine urne;*
Feard not thy laſh: hop'd negligence had wrought
Thy lines worſe funerall: & at length would turne
All to obſcurity; For how few did ſtrive
T'enlighten thy darke phraſe, unleſſe ſome vice
Made an acute bad comment: So to thriue
And purchaſe perſpicuity, is a price
Thou would'ſt have griev'd to give. Yet ſince in ill
We have or'tane paſt times: I muſt rejoyce
That conſtant induſtry ſhould get ſuch skill
As tell us our bad in Perſius *voyce:*
Whom now all underſtand: all may endure
To read, but ſuch as would their crimes obſcure.

T. GOFFE.

Dark Persius Ambroise *threw thy book on ground*
With indignation, 'cause 'twas so profound:
But now in Fathers *roome a* Child *is sprung,*
That reads thy Satyres *in a vulgar tongue,*
No Ambrose, *yet with ambrose to be fed,*
That could so wisely track, where thou couldst tred,
He takes away thy vaile, and makes that line
Transalpine, which the Romans *would confine:*
Now let thy wandring shadow freely rove,
And seeke great place in the Elisian *grove,*
Where since there's store of Bay, for him one knit,
That makes the looser Britaines *feare thy wit.*
Needs must his owne *invention* radiant *be,*
That cast such beames *through thy* opacitie.
Hence-forth (*bright* HOLYDAY) *to change refuse*
Thine owne Terpsichore, *with translated Muse.*

IN *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius: *Aulum*
Sic poterat soboles ista latere suum.
Ante tuas (HOLYDAY) faces; hâc luce refulget
Pluribus, & cæco, tectior ante, parri.
Gymnasiarcha puer, festivus ludat uterque:
Per *Festum* vobis otia quanta *Diem*?
Nunquam *Pegaseas* libavit *Persius* undas,
Aut clausit docto lumina pigra jugo.
Nempe *tibi*, fontem laticésq; & culmina *Phœbus*
Servârat: pleno dum satur ore mades.

* *Nec fonte, &c. Nec in bicip. &c.*

Quidve *Aulus* traheret? cum sic *Helicona* refundas,
Vt natet *Angligenis Itala* Musa labris,

Δαῖδα λέγω ἢ δαῖτα μέλος πόρφυρε μηνοῖνα
Δαῖδα σκοτισθεῖσιν δαῖτα βλέποντι σαφῶς.

JOHN WALL D.D.

Upon the happy Translation of the most difficult Satyrist, performed by his friend Master *B. H.*

I Sing the Conquest, which an English *rime,*
With all its force nere won before this time,
Who thought that there would extant be the man
That such stiffe, sullen, hardy Romans *can*
Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,
Binde in the fetters of a Brittaine *Verse?*
Yet here is one that doth: But not as those (*chose*
*That** changed shapes, *and* wandring Trojans
For to translate, with lines a mile in length,
Or Paraphrase that tyres. Such is his strength
And strictnesse, he his Author without wrong
Lodges in prisons but of five foot long.
Some *I have knowne, that did attempt the same*
Which that they Durst, it was their greatest fame,

* Ovid. Metamor. Vir. Æneid.

But

But it was he, that could disdaine to stay
At this praise Margent, onely to Assay:
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit
That onely had the power to finish it.
For had they don't, I know they must have left
Their graver studies, and have filcht with theft
Guilty of too much sacriledge, more houres,
Then time would lose; or else those sister powers
Invoke to lend them Other lives, *to plucke*
A vessell with such Remora's *bestucke*
To wished shore. But as for Him with strange
And easie haste, he did his Roman *change*
Without complaint of time: No serious part
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart
Houres to the worke. For all this was begot,
(I speake my conscience) *when it was his lot*
To be at Truce with studie. Then judge you
That shall upon his happy paines, a view
Bestow, that ne're the Muses Holy dayes,
Or times of leasure, were with greater Praise,
Or Thrift, or businesse spent: and likewise since
He conquer'd hath so fierce a Latin *Prince*
Vnto the Rimes and Phrases of Our tongue:
Decree that Bayes unto his brow belong.

To his kinde Friend Master B.H. Vpon his PERSIUS.

AS if in travailes sarre ingag'd at last
Return'd, I gratulate thy labours past.
But when unto thy wayes I turne mine eye,
Dangers obscur'd with dangers I espy,
I think't a taske too great for humane sleights,
Vngraveld or undasht to passe those streights.
Admiring thy chaste notes, in which unharm'd
The Syrens lustfull language thou hast charm'd,
That Art I love, when as 'gainst faith of sense
By sense of faith I see things flow from thence.
Nor do I (like to his ore wheeling braine)
PERSIUS *still a cloud, imbrace in vaine;*
This's the substance gives Vice the fatall blow,
The others thunder few to feare do know.
On envie, summon all the vices spight:
Better they should be conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON

Aulus Perſius Flaccus.

HIS

SATYRS

The Prologue.

ARGUMENT.

Need and not Inſpired skill
Makes our Author tric his quill.

NOT lippes did never touch the ſpring
Of the wing'd horſe: nor can I bring
to minde, that ere I dream'd upon
Two-topt Parnaſſus, *that thereon*
I might b' Inſpir'd and So Vp-ſtart
A Poet by Infuſed art.
And all the Muſes that doe dwell

'Bout pale Pirene, *and the Well*
Of Helicon, *to Those I leave,*
Vnto whose statue's browes doth cleave
The Iuy-greene incircling Crowne.
In humblenesse I halfe a Clowne
Doe onely bring this my rude line,
Vnto Apollo's *sacred shine.*
Yet blame me not for my bold deed:
Alas! I write enforc'd by * *need.*
Who taught the Parrot his kinde Haile?
Who taught the Pie to so prevaile
To frame our words? 'Twas but to fill
Their belly, master of their skill;
Which skilfull is to make them reach
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.
Nay; if there chance to shine but some
Hope, of deceitfull Gaine to come:
Crow-Poets and poetique Pies
You'd thinke did chaunt sweet ayries;
And make (when as they harshly Crie)
A Pegascian *Melodie.*

* A satyricall Ironie *Persius* was a Knight of *Rome* of sufficient wealth.

THE FIRST SATYRE, IN FORME OF A DIALOGUE.

The Speakers { PERSIUS. MONITOR.

ARGUMENT.

Inspired Poets Art and Pride
Our Satyrist doth here deride.

P. O Cares of men! O emptie Vanitie
Of things! M. Who'l read these Wondring Satyrs?
P. Why?

P. Why? Dost thou say so my Friend?
M. Faith I thinke none.
P. How saist thou? *M.* Perchance some two, or. *P.* (None
M. Tis hard. *P.* Yet Why? Lest *Rom'es* b Polydamas
And dourie *Troians* should preferre the asse
c *Labeo* before me? Tush, their false doome
Is but a trifle. If disturbed *Rome*
Proudly sleight any thing, scorne to descend
To Their Vaine censures: neither strive to mend
The tongue of thy false ballance in their scale
Which is as wrong: but if thou'dst never faile
Know This: *To trie thy secret innocence,*
The surest witnesse is by conscience.
For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might
But freely speake, yet speake no more then Right!
And So I May. Then, when I cast mine eye
On those whose Faces promise Gravitie:
On our sad *Stoickes*: on the things we doe:
Since we left off to play with nuts: and view
Our actions, when we labour much to be
Sterne Unckles. Then! then! But, oh, pardon me,
I will not touch: Yet can I hold my peace
Urg'd Thus? and from revenge so just, Thus cease?
I'me of a Scotting spleene. I Love to Flout
At Hypocrites: therefore it now Must out.

a *Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctions of these three verses following, I could finde none more accurate then this I have extracted, and here used.* b *Ironically he the Poet calls Nero Polydamas who is much famoused by Homer in divers places for his virtue, yea and compared with* Hector, Iliad. μ. c *a ridiculous Poet, that transtated five Bookes of* Homers Iliads *into verse, word for word, with extreame obscuritie, and no lesse absurditie.*

Then Thus,

Being immur'd from each mans sight,
In some obscure retired place, we write
Some, eu n-pac'd numbers; *Some* freefooted prose,
Some weighty thing, which th' Author strongly blowes
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearses
Vnto the people straight his wel-pen'd verses;
His haire being first kemb'd smooth, and then he dight
In a faire comely garment fresh and white,
Wearing some precious jewell, which some friend
On's birth-day to him for a gift did send
With moyst'ning syrrope having clear'd his throat
Age now to sound it in a various note.
Then is he reading in a seat on high,
Dissolv'd unto a lustful *Affing* eye.
Where thou maist see ev'n those that beare the name
Of *Rome's* brave *Tits* (but unto their shame)
To shake with trembling lust, and to rejoyce
Obscenely, with a broken shreaking voice
When a lewd line their inward loynes doth pierce,
And touch them with a lust-provoking verse.
But thou old Dotard, dost Thou strive to feed
Other men's eares? nay, Theirs who without heed
Or moderate discreation praise thee so,
That (skinne-peel'd Asse!) thy selfe dost flattery, know.
Why did I learne unlesse this leaven here
Inbred, this strong wild-figtree *should* appeare?
And from its seat the liver breaking forth
Shew to the world its own, though hunkes not worth?
O see ambitious paleneſſe! see Old Age!
At such corrupted times Who could not rage?

Here the Poet faineth a reply of this old ambitious Poet defending himselfe.

Think'st thou, thou nothing know'st, if it be so,
That others knowe not, that thou this dost knowe?
e O but tis brave to heare men cry, See, see?
And pointing with their fingers, say, *That's she.*
Say you 'had a Poeme which so smoothly runs,
That 'twere for lectures read to great mens sons,
Brave lads with curled locks, like gold so yellow;
Would not you thinke your selfe a pretty fellow?
P. O that's not all! See, our *Romulidans*
Prophane our sacred poems with foule hands!
Reading, amidst their bowels, 'poems divine,
Being full up to the throat with flesh and wine.
Where if forsooth one clad in purple cloth's,
Snaffle some mustie stuffe through's muffling nose
Melting forth faire *Hypsipyle's* sad song
Or *Phillis* fortune with a most 'ned tong
Or some such tales which poetrie affordes
His daintie palate tripping forth his words,
The men assent! And are not th'ashes then
Of this rare poet blest? This man of men
Hath he not now a *f* lighter mole of earth
Gently pressing his bones? A gen'rall mirth
Ensues. the guests with hands and voyces wring
His due applause; And shall there not now spring,
Eu'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe
Of his thrice-happy urne-inclosing tombe
Sweet Violets? But, Oh, saies one, you touch

e *A second reply.* ¶ *The Ancient Ethniques did use to pr[illegible] that the tombe-stones of their dead friends might be light [illegible] to them, because they beleeved, that their* Manes *or soules [illegible] mained in their sepulchers, and were sensible of such ac[illegible] dents. They held likewise the spring ng of flowres from [illegible] graue of a deceased friend, an argument of his happinesse.*

Too scoffingly, wrinkling your nose Too much:
For doth there breath a man that can reject
A generall praise? and his owne lines neglect?
Lines worth immortall Cedars recompence,
Nere fearing new-sold Fish or Frankincense?
Well, whosoe're thou art whom I did make
But now, the Adverse part to undertake;
When I my selfe doe write, if from my braine
Doe flow by greatest chance some happy straine
(For tis by chance) My heart is not so hard
So hornie, as to feare the due reward
Of deserv'd fame. Only I doe denie
The scope of vertuous actions to lie
In thy *O brave!* *O fine!* for search but this
Thy *O fine!* and within it What not is?
Nor in These papers know thou shalt not finde
Labe'os helleborated lines confinde
To superstitiously to Words; nor weake
Love-elegies, such as *Rome's* Nobles speakes
Whose judgement, like their overcharged maw,
Wants strong concoctions hear, and is yet raw;
Briefly whate're on Cittern beds is writ,
We hence extrude as th'excrement of wit.
Thou dost some dish of good hot meat provide
For some poore wretch (whose belli's his strongs guide)
Or to thy quaking follo'r thou dost cast
Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer last)
Then thus thou speak'st. You know even from my youth
I hate lies, now therefore tell me true

The Romans had their lecti lucubratorii on which they studied, and tricliniares, on which they eate: the latter are rather understood in this place, for he principally speaketh against the verses they write among st their cups.

Of me (*P.* Can He tell truth? Wilt let me speake?
Thou trifl'st (bald-pate asse!) and thy skill's weake,
Seeing a fat-hog trough-panch before thee strut
Full eighteene inches with a load of guts.
O blessed *Janus*! happy is thy luck!
Behinde *b* thy backe, whom never Storkes bill strucke
At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd
Like asses white eares, ever yet was aim'd:
Nor so much tongue thrust forth in a base flout
As an *Apulian* bitch for thirst hils out.
You *O Patrician* blood whose heads are blinde
I'th' hinder part, prevent a scorne behinde,
What doe men say? *i* That now your verses flow,
In a soft number'd pace both sweet and slow,
Whose well-smooth'd parts are so exactly joyn'd
That the severest naile can never finde
The least unev'nesse. O fates one, he makes
A verse, as he that his true levell takes,
Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,
Which drawing, with red-oaker he doth signe.
Whether he scourge with his deep-wounding rimes
The delicate soft manners of the times,
Or th' impious banquets of revenging Kings:
Our Poets *Muse* can well expresse great things.
P. J, You shall see a fellow date assay

b *Three manner of flouts were used by the Ancients. The first was with their hand to make a Storkes bill, their fingers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The second was to put their thumbes to the temples of their heads, and then wagge their fingers like asses eares; which within are somewhat white. The third was to lift out their tongues, like dogges in the heat of Summer, especially in hot countries such as is* Apulia *a region in Italy.* *i* *The answer of the flatterer.*

To

To write Heroicke acts, who th'other day
But trifle'd out some Fables of small worth
In scarce true *Greeke*: whose skill cannot paint forth
A pleasant selfe-describing Grove's delights,
Nor praise the full stor'd Country that eu'n writes
The story of its owne abundant stores
Where fruits and fire-wood and the far'ned Boare
Are never wanting, where the shepheards feast
Sacred to *Pales*, t'expell the beast
That hates the lambe: where shepheards on that day
Are purged in a fire of smoaking hay.
Whence *Remus* sprung where (& *Quintius*) thou wast borne,
And where thy plow-share was in furrowes worne,
When as thy wife trembling with joy and feare,
Made thee the great *Dictators* robes to weare
Before thine Oxen, and to leave them now,
Making the *Lictor* carry home thy plow.
Behold then this brave Poet? Some there are
To whom *Briseus Labeo's* book seemes rare:
Whose lines swell like full Veines. Others desire,
Pacuvius, whom much they doe admire,
And love often to read, and eu'n to stay
Upon this knottie harsh *Antiopa*;
Whose wofull heart was nourished with greefe,
The Depth of sorrow yeelding some releefe.
When thou shalt see the bleare-eyd father teach
His sonne those things; canst thou not quickly reach
To know the cause how this our vile disgrace,
This hissing frying-pan of speech tooke place?

& *Quintius*. ‖ *Fucius Accius Labeo*, *Briseus*, is the surname of *Bacchus*, fitly here attributed to *Labeo*, because of his mad Verses.

First

First, in our tongues? And yet wherein our smooth
m *Trossulians* vainely themselves doe sooth,
And ev'n leap in their seats, when as they heare
Old words, which please their thick-false-judging eare,
When th'are accus'd art not asham'd to be
Not able thy now-Aged head to free
From feare o'th'law, but love the luke-warme cry
Of all thy hearers crying, *Decently?*
Pedius saies one, unto thy charge I lay
The guilt of their. What now doth *Pedius* say?
In smooth *Antithets* his fault he weighes,
And for his learned Figures, winnes much praise,
O neat! O neat? In judging thou dost fayle,
Base fawning *Romane*, dost thou wag thy taile?
For think'st thou, if some shipwrack'd wretch should sing,
He e're from me one Halfe-penny should wring?
Dost Sing, when as thy shoulder thou dost weare
Thy selfe and shippe, which the sharp rod hath teare?
His teares shall be expres'd through's Miserie,
Not Studi'd for by Night, that would move Mee
To pitie. M. Yet in Numbers, O, there shines
Beauteous composure added to those lines
Which were before but raw. P. I, so it seemes,
For one, this as the only skill esteemes
To end his verse (*But*, O ridiculous!)
With *Berecinthian Atys*; or else, thus,
The Dolphin which did cut Cerulean Neptune.
Ex'lent! and this our *Romane* count most serious?
So thus another drawes his numbered line,
We drew a ribbe from the long Appenine.

m *The Knights of* Rome *were anciently so called, because they surprised a Towne in* Hetruria *called* Trossulum, *without the helpe of the footmen.*

M. n Armes, and the man I sing, perchance you'l dare
To terme this frothy, far-back'd *P.* O no, spare
Your too-quick censure, and dissolve your brow.
This Poem as an aged well-growne bough
Season'd with time is with the warme Sunnes heat
Well boyld in its own barke; growne strong and great.
M. What then doe you terme soft, and to be read
With a loose bending neck, and bow'd downe head?
P. Their with'd hornes the Mimallones did fill
With sounds, and Bassaris about to kill
The scorneful calfe snatching from him his head,
And Mænas as the spotted Lynx she lead
With Ivy-bridles, oft did Euion sound
The reparable Eccho did rebound.
These, these are brave! But Oh, should such lines be,
If any veine of old Nobilitie
Did live in us? These weake lines in the Brimme
Of ev'ry mouth, in th' utmost spittle swimme.
Mænas and *Atys* or some coolish songs
Are alwaies in the moisture of their tongues.
They never buffeted a Deske for these,
Or bit their Nailes such lines are writ with ease.
M. Grant this be true: yet Sir You have no need
With biting truth to make their soft eares bleed.
Well, look you to't; I feare, be not too bold,
Least great mens thresholds towards you grow cold.
Me thinks, th' are touched already, and I heare
The doggish letter R sound in mine eare.
P. Nay, Sir, rather then so, all's white and frees
All, all is admirable well for Mee.
I will not hinder't. Now y are pleas'd I think,
You say, Let no man make my verses stinke.

a Virgils Æneids, which beginne so, *Arma virumq; cano.*

Makir

Making a place for o urine, in a ſcorne,
Among my papers. *P.* See then you adorne
Your booke, and paint too *p* Serpents on't, Boyes, None,
Muſt urine in this Sacred place: be gone;
And *I*le goe firſt.

Yet did *Lucius* eut
Lewd *Rome*, and thee, *O Lupius*, that didſt glue
Thy appetite, and thee (*Mutius*) growne weake
With luſt, and did on you his Jaw-tooth breake,
So ſubtile *Horace* laughing with his friend
Would cunningly his vices reprehend,
And lying in his boſome, in his heart,
Would biterly deride him with great art,
Skilfull he was baſely t'eſteeme the rout,
Yet neere wrinkled his noſe, or ſeem'd to flout;
And may not *J* then *Mutter*? not to th' *q* Duſt?
Not though alone? No where? *J* will, *J* muſt
Digge here, eu'n here, (My booke) *J* ſpeake to Thee,
J'ue ſeene, *J* ſay, *J*'ue ſeene, (my tong's borne free)
Who has not Aſſes eares? Thou ſhalt not buy
This my obſcure concealed myſterie,
This my deare ſcoffe, my *Nothing*, for whole miliads
Of any baſe Poets long-winded *Iliads*.
Thou whoſo'ere thou art, that art inſpir'd
With bold *Cratinus*, or with zeale art fir'd
Like angry *Eupolis*, and art growne pale
With that old man, whoſe ſtile with a full ſaile
Beares ſtrong againſt foule vice, vouchſafe a glance

o *This place is that againſt the common interpretation moſt manerly and truly expounded by M.* Bond. p *Theſe repreſented the* Genius *of the place, & were painted there to deterre any from violating the place by any pollution.* q *An alluſion to the fable of* Midas.

On these my Satyres also, where by chance
If any thing more perfect thou shalt heare,
Among my lines, grow hot with a purg'd eare:
But him with deepest scorne I doe detest
That basely loues to breake a jest
At a Philosophers poore Shooe, and winkes
At him, whose sight is bad, calling him, Blinkes.
Counting himselfe no meane man, bearing some
Italian honour at *Aretium*,
Cause, being Market-Clarke (such was his pleasure)
He brake their earthen vessels lesse then measure.
Nor loue I him that counts the counting-table
Of deepe *Arithmeticians* but a fable.
Nor him that scoffes at Figures made in dust
By sound *Geometry*. Such are unjust,
And Enemies to th' Arts. They much delight
To see the bold-fac'd queane *Nerania* fight
With a good honest *Cynicke*, and will grinne
If that she pull his beard off from his chinne.
These, in the morning next their hearts I le send
To study the Edicts lest they offend,
Yet after dinner (for they'le turne no more
From vice) unto *Callirhee* their Whore.

s *Aristophanes.* t *An allusion to the story of* Archimedes, *see* Plutarchs Marcellus.

THE

THE SECOND SATYRE, VNTO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS.

ARGUMENT.

Profane desires: true sacrifice:
Bold sinnes: our Poet here describes.

SIgne This day (*Macrine*) with a purer stone,
Which doth present to thee times long since gone.
Powre wine into thy *Genius*, for thy care
Is not to winne *Iove* with a Bribing prayer.
Nor crav'st thou, what thou sham'st to name for feare,
Excepts *Iove's* drawne aside that none may heare.
Though no small part of *Rome's* chiefe *Nobles* can
Sacrifice with a Low-voic'd incense-pan.
Tis not an easie thing to take away
The murmur'd whispering of those that pray
From the Gods Temples. Tis no easie thing
To live, with knowne desires. a They use to sing

a *This was but the manner of some hypocrites, for it was the custome of the* Romanes *to pray softly to themselues, as* Ioseph Scaliger *well obserues in his Castigations on the 2. lib. of* Tibullus. *p.* 137. *and* Wowerius *in his Animadversions on* Petronius *p.* 428.

Alone

Alowd, that strangers and the standers-by
May heare'hem, when they pray for honesty
Or a good minde, good fame. But for the rest
Of their desires, inwardly th'are suppreſt
Under their murmuring tongues, such as are these
Profane requests, O that some strong disease
Would make my Uncl's brave rich funerall
To bubble up. O that my rake would fall,
As I were working, on some sounding pot
Of silver, b *Hercules* blessing my lot.
Or would I might expunge this yong rich Ward,
By whom from great possessions I am bar'd,
Being the next heire, for he's with scabs perplext,
And is with swelling choller sharply vext.
There's *Nereus* too, has buri'd yee three wives,
And I scarce--! O such men lead happy lives!
That these things thou religiously maist crave
Of *Iove*, in swelling *Tybers* silver wave
Early thou washest twice or thrice thy head,
Purging the c night pollutions of thy bed.
Dost heare? answer me this, and but disclose
Thy thought in one small question Ile propose.
What thinkst of *Iove*? thinkst he may be preferd
'Fore some? Whom? be't ev'n d *Staius*, art afeard?
And doubtst thou whether is the fittest Guard
And juster judge for a yong guidlesse Ward?
This then, wherewith thou dar'st to prest *Iove's* eare,
Tell but to *Staius*, would he not ev'n feare

b *Antiquitie made* Hercules *the propitious God for the finding out of hidden Treasure.* c *Of this, see* Casaubon *on* Theophrastus, *p.* 292. *where he shewes their twofold manner of expiation. And* Brissonius *at large lib.* 1. *de* Formulis, *p.* 8.
d *A wicked fellow, that poysoned his brother & brothers wife.*

To

To heare thee speake? and casting up his eye
Crie, *O* good *Iove*! and shall not *Iove* the enemie
Unto himselfe for vengeance? What? dost think
Thou art forgiv'n, because he's pleasd to Wink
At thy black deeds, and sooner strikes a Tree,
With horrid Sulphure, then Thy house and Thee,
When with his roaring thunders he doth chide
The provd high-mounting aire? Dar'st thou deride
The pow'r of Heav'n, and play with *Ioves* fond Beard,
As if th'hadst leave, because thou ne're wast fear'd
With some strange judgement? or ne're yet did'st lie
A wofull spectacle to each mans eye,
Unholy, to be shunn'd in some sad grove,
Then ceasing to be sacred unto *Iove*,
Or th'other Gods, untill with sacrifice
Th'Aruspex great *Ergenna* purifies
The same, by offring th'entrals of two sheep?
Or else, what ist? with what reward dost keepe
The bribed eares of the corrupted Gods
That they should only give indulgent nods
At thy vast crimes? ist thy fair offering
Which their sacred altars thou dost bring?

Now you shall see some grandames, or fond Aunts,
Whom womens Fury Superstition haunts,
Take up a tender infant in their armes,
And being skilfull to depell the harmes
Of an e effascinating eye, they'le spet
Upon their middle finger, and then wet
With this, their purging spettle, the childs brow
And prettie lips. Then with a humble vow
Dauncing him in their armes, they'le vainely spend

e *Of Fascination, see* Del. Rio. *Mag. disquis.* 3. *q.* 4. *Sect.* 1. & Romirez, *in his learned Pentecontarchus, chap.* 31. *at large.*

Their

Their poore leane hope, in praying *Iove* to ſend
This babe in time to ſome ſuch happineſſe
As once wealthy *Licinius* did poſſeſſe
In fruitfull lands: or ſuch as *Craſſus* held,
Who for brave houſes, *Rome* chiefe Lords excelle'd
They wiſh that Kings and Queenes may be at ſtrife
To make ev'n their beſt daughter His bleſt wife.
And as for Maides (ſay they) Yee Gods above!
O let 'hem ſtrongly, ſtrangely fall in love
With his rare beautie: and that whereſo'ere
He treads, a crimſon roſe may ſpring up there.
Brave! brave! But yet I will not bid my nurſe
Pray for: or if ſhee doe; then good *Iove* curſe
Her Prayers, though cloth'd White ſhe ſtrongly cry,
Yet for thine *Owne* ſake, ſtrongly ſtill deny.
Thou wiſheſt for firme nerves, and for a ſure
Sound body, that would healthfully endure
Untill old age; why be it, that thy wiſh
Is granted by the Gods; yet thy large diſh
And full fat ſaſage make the Gods delay
To bleſſe thee, and doe force good *Iove* to ſtay.
Thou'd'ſt faine grow rich: yet doſt thou ſacrifice
An Oxe, (is that the way in wealth to riſe?)
Then upon *Mercurie* the God of gaine
With this thy offering, thus thou cri'ſt amaine,
Let my domeſticke Gods (great Mercury)
Make all things happy in my familie!
Bleſſe thou my heards of beaſts, bleſſe thou my lambs,
And make my tender Yewes the happy damm's
Of many young ones. Mad-man! wilt thou ſee?
This is impoſſible! it cannot be!
When as ſo many Heyfers fats doe frie
In flames of ſacrifice. Yet doth he crie,
And with his Entrals and his daintie Cake

Strives to o'recome, and formerly will make
The Gods to heare; nor yet will hold his peace:
Now doth my field, now doth my fold increase:
Now 'twill be giv'n: now, now, untill at last
Deceav'd, his great hope proving but a blast:
His money in his chest may make its mone
For want of company; yet sigh alone.
If for a gift to Thee some friend presents
A silver goblet, or rich ornaments
Curiously graven in a massie bowle
Of purest gold: straight way thy very soule
Is touch'd with a strong passion: and thou shak'st
Ev'n Drops from thy *left* brest (Vaine heart that quak'st
Thus with a trembling joy!) Now because gold
Thus pleaseth Thee, hence 'tis that thou dost hold,
The Gods are pleas'd so too, and overlai'st
Their statues faces (that thereby thou maist
Procure their favour) with gold purchased
From th'enemie, which was in triumph led.
For those *f* brasse-brother-Gods that send a dreame
Most true, and purg'd from thick, corrupted fleame,
*W*hereby in sleep men are disturb'd, or feard,
Let those be chiefe, and weare a golden beard.
Gold hath the pots of earth, and brasse disdain'd,
Though us'd when *Numa*, and good *Saturne* raign'd
Gold likewise hath expeld the *Vestall* Urne:
Gold doth the *Thuscan* Earth to Gold now turne.
Base stoopiug soules, that groovle on the earth,
In whom there's nothing testifies their birth

f The brasen Statues of the sonner of Ægyptus, all, except one, slaine by their new wives the daughters of Danaus. *Which brothers the* Romans *adored as Gods, and were vainely perswaded that they sent dreames unto men.*

To

To be from Heav'n!
Yet, doth not this suffice?
But we must bring these our iniquities,
To the Gods Temples, where their pow'rs divine
Doe dwell, and ev'n profane their holy Shrine?
As if there could be any thing in these
Infected Carcases, the Gods to please?
This flesh of ours makes us in vaine to spoile
Sweet *Casia*, by mixing it with oile
To make us oyntments. This doth make us straine
The soft *Calabrian* fleece in purple graine,
This makes us with much art to polish well
Mother of pearle, drawne from the fishes shell.
This from th' unpurged earth made us desire
To straine out veines of gold by purging fire.
This sin, and sinnes, yet perseveres in sinne.
But you great Priests, tell, what doth gold within
The holy Temple? sure, no greater thing
Then g puppets, which to *Venus* Virgins bring.
No, let us strive to bring to th' Gods, that which
Pessala's bleare-eyed of-spring, from his rich
Large incense-bason neere could give, a mind
By Law and by Religion well confin'd;
A retir'd soule, a heart not stained by
Foule lust, concoct in Noble honestie:
This let me bring to th' Gods, and Ile obtaine
Offring but a Small Cake of some Course graine.

g *It was a custome among the Ancients, for Virgins about to marry to offer their Babies as an ensigne of their Virginities to Venus, hoping that by her benefit, shortly after, they should have true Babes of their owne.*

THE THIRD SATYRE.

ARGUMENT.

Young Gallants Sloth, & their Neglect Of Arts, this Satyre doth detect.

VVHat Ev'ry day thus long? Fie, fie arise:
See how the cleere light shamefully descries
Thy sloth: and through thy windowes shining bright
Stretcheth the narrow chinks with his broad light.
We snort till the a fift shadow touch the line,
Enough ev'n to digest strong *Falerne* wine.
Now what dost doe? The furious dog-starr's heat
Upon the parched corne hath long since beat
With its herce scolding influence, and made
The beasts to seeke the spreading *Elmes* coole shade.
Thus the companion of some slothfull youth
Does freely chide him. Then saith he, in truth?
And is't so late? indeed? some body then
Come presently and reach my clothes: why then?

a *An hypall, for, till the shadow touch the fift line; which is about our eleven of the clocke. He understands this of the Sun Dials. You may see the forme of an ancient* Roman Sun Diall *in* Ramirez *his Pentecont. cap. 23.*

If then no body come: Oh how he ſwels,
And breaks with *b* glaſſe-like choller; and then yels
With ſuch a foule loud noiſe, that you would ſay
Surely ſome great *Arcadian* aſſe did bray.
At laſt, with much adoe he doth begin
To take his booke in hand and ſome faire skin
Of ſmooth *c* two-colourd parchment he takes then
Some paper and his knottie reed-like pen.
Then he complaines how that his inke doth ſtick
In clots at his pens noſe, it is ſo thick.
Powre water then to his black *d Sepian* juice,
He cries, now tis too white. Ha's a device
For ev'ry thing. So ſometimes he doth plead
His pen writes double, or his inke doth ſpread.
Wretched, unhappy man! yet growing ſtill
More wretched! Think'ſt we are borne to take our fill
Of ſloth? Why doſt not then like the ſoft Dove
Or great mens little children, rather love
In delicateſt wantonneſſe to lappe
Some ſoft ſweet ſpoone-meat, as a little pappe?
Or angry with the teat, why doſt not cry,
Refuſing to be ſtild with Lullabie?
e Why, can I ſtudy, ſir, with ſuch a quill?
Alas? whom doſt thou mock? why pleadſt thou ſtill
Such vaine ambages? wretched man to flout
Thy ſelfe! Th'art broken! loe, thou leakeſt out!
And know thou ſhalt be ſcornd! ſtrike but a pot

b Becauſe it is as ſoone raiſed as glaſſe is by thoſe that make it. *c Yellow on the hide the haire grew, and white on the other ſide.* *d Sepia is a ſea-fiſh called a Cuttell, whoſe blood the Romans uſed inſtead of inke.* *e This verſe is an interjected reply of the ſlothfull youth: the next is ſpoken in the perſon of his companion which reprehendeth him.*

Of some raw earth halfe-boyld, and will it not
Tell its own fault, yeelding a dull crazd sound?
Well; Yet that's soft moist clay, and must be wound
To any forme: Now therefore, now make haste
To vertue: present time must be embrac'd.
Now like the Potters clay, now thou must feele
Sharp disciplines effigiating wheele.
¶ But, oh, thy father left thee land enough,
And a cleane salt-seller, with houshold stuffe
Sufficient. needst thou then feare any thing?
Soth'hast a secure pan wherein to bring
Incense to thy protecting *Lares*. Well;
But think'st thou this enough? wil't therefore swel,
And break thy lungs with an ambitious winde,
Because that thou the thousandth off, dost finde
Thy branch to be perchance drawne from atree
Of some high *Thuscan* true nobilitie?
Or that because clad in thy purple graine
Meeting *Romes Censor* with his pompous traine
Thou canst salute him, by the name of Cozze,
And arrogantly aske him how he does?
Away: goe prance before the multitude
In these thy trappings: seeke not to delude
My judgement, for I know my soule within,
And see thy faults writ in thy outmost skin.
Art not ashamd to live like dissolute
Loose *Natta*? but (alas!) he's destitute
Of sense! he stands amazd in vice? the deepe
Fat brawne of sin makes his heart soundly sleep
That nowy he doth not sinne! No, he's so grosse,
So stupid, that hee's senseleese of his losse!
And sunk downe to the depth of vice, he'le swim

His companions ironicall defence of the others carelesse

No more againe up to the waters brim!
Great father of the Gods! when cruell luſt
Touch't with inflaming venome, moves th'unjuſt
Corrupted diſpoſition of fierce Kings,
To act unworthy and unkingly things:
Puniſh them only thus, *Let them but ſee*
Faire vertue, and their loſt felicitie,
Then ſhall their bowels yearne, and they ſhall crie
In ſecret, and wax pale, and pine and die.
Did ever the *Sicilian* brazen bull
Roare out his torments with a throat more full?
Or did the ſword hung by a ſlender thread
Up in the golden roofe over the head
Of the *Q.* crown'd flatterer, more terrifie *Damocles*
His ſoule, then when a man ſhall truly cry
Unto himſelfe, *I fall, Oh, I doe fall*
Downe head-long, and ſhall know he's paſt recall?
And inwardly grow pale (*O* wretched life!)
Which he's afeard to tell his neere deare wife?
Indeed, when I was young, I like a foole
Would'noint my eyes with oyle to ſtay from ſchoole
When I'de not learne, through ſloth, the ſtately part
Of dying *Cato*, though 'twere penn'd with art.
And my too carefull Maſter prais'd it much:
And my glad father being mov'd with ſuch
His praiſes, brought his friends to heare his boy
Bravely act *Cato*, and would ſweat for joy.
For then I car'd not to know any thing;
Except how much the lucky Sice would bring,
Or what the loſing Ace would ſcrape away
Or that my fellow might not put falſe play
Upon me, neatly cogging forth a die

Out of the small neck'd *b* casting-box. This I
Did learne: and for the scourge-stick I did strive,
That none his Top with greater art might drive,
But now, Thou art not at this age to learne
Betweene good and bad manners to discerne,
Nor thou hast learn'd the precepts that are taught
In the wise porch, where curiously are wrought
By *Polygnotus* skill, the conquer'd *Medes*
In their short slops, whose story overspreades
The Walls, and where in searching hidden truths
The little-sleeping close-shorne stoick Youths,
That feed on huskes and a course barly cake,
Early and late industriously doe wake,
And unto thee the *i Samian* letter Y
Whose spreading branches teach Philosophy,
Hath marked out ev'n as it were with chalke
The high rear'd right-hand path, wherein to walke?
And snort'st thou Yet? What? is thy head growne slack?
Art jaw-falne? Doth their frame beginne to crack?
Lyst yowning, to evaporate th'excesse
Of yesterdaies oppressing drunckennesse?
Hast thou propos'd thy selfe a certaine end;
And with thy best endeavour dost thou bend
Thy bow at that? Or, careless of thy hurt,
Dost throw at crowes, with stones and clots of durt
Neglecting where thou runst? hast thou no drift,
But only for the present how to shift?
Well, yet be provident, when our sick skin

h *They used to cast their dice out of boxes, (as now adaies some doe out of small saucers) to prevent the sleight of the hand which notwithstanding some more cunning gamesters did often practise.* i *The letter of* Pythagoras, *who by birth was a* Samian.

Doth

Doth with the puffing dropſie once begin
To ſwell, tis then, thou know'ſt, but vaine to cry
For *Hellebore*, when a diſeaſe drawes nigh,
And yet but threatens thee; then, then prevent
And meet a danger that is eminent,
But if thou doe delay, til't be too late
And that thy ſickneſſe once grow deſperate,
Then would'ſt thou give *Crateras* halfe thy wealth
Yet can he not reſtore thee to thy health.
Learne then, O wretched youths, the myſtery
Of Nature in profound Philoſophy.
Learne who we are, why we were borne, th' eſtate
Wherein we're ſet, and know that not by fate
But wiſdome, we may turne our ſhip with eaſe
About high-vertues marke plac'd in the ſeas
Of this our life. Temperately deſire
Silver: learne what 'tis lawfull to require
In prayer: and the perfect uſe, aright
Of money: for which, men ſo ſharply fight:
What likewiſe to thy Country thou doſt owe,
And what to thy deare kinſmen; Learne to knowe
Whom I God hath made thee, and in what degree
And ſtate of life, he here hath placed thee.
Learne: neither envie thou at thy full ſtore
Of the great'd Lawyer, though he have much more
Proviſion, then his family can ſpend
Whil'ſt it is ſweet: which the fat *Vmbriani* fend,
As gifts to bribe his tongue. Nor grutch to ſee
His *Marſian* Client bring him for a fee,

1 *Me thinks theſe lines of mine Author, and eſpecially this word* Deus, *ſeemes to be of that high ſtraine of Divinity (in a Heathen) which* Plato *reached unto, when he did profeſſe that he writ but in jeſt, when he ſaid* Gods.

Pepper

Pepper, gammons of bacon, or such kinde
Remembrances. Nor let it vex thy minde,
Because he hath fresh Pilchers to him sent,
Before the former barrell be quite spent.
But here, me thinks, I heare some boistrous rough
Centurion say: Tush, I have wit enough
To serve mine owne turne; and Ile never care
To be *Arcesilas*, or to impaire
My health, like *Solon*: who doe leane awry
Their heads, pearcing the earth with a fixt eye:
When by themselves they gnaw their murmuring
And furious silence, as 'twere ballancing
Each word upon their out-stretcht lips: and when
They meditate the dreames of old sick men,
As, *Out of nothing, nothing can be brought:*
And that which is, can ne're be brought to nought.
Is it for this they're pale? and that they misse
Their dinner oftentimes, is it for this?
Why yet they are but scorn'd ev'n by the rout;
The people, and our lusty Lads but flout
Them, and with crisped noses a loose off,
Strongly ingeminate a trembling scoff.
m Yet scorne not learning: lest thy falling fate
Prove such, as this which here I will relate.
One said to his Physitian, pray Sir feel
Me thinks I am not as I use to be.
My heart doth quake as if it boaded death,
And my sick jawes send forth a loathsome breath,
Pray good Sir feele my pulses and play your part,
Well, the Physitian us'd his chiefest art,
And bid him rest foure daies. But when each veine

m Persius *his answer to the objection, which hee makes the Centurion here use.*

Began

Began composedly to flow againe,
On the third night, he bid his servant take
A [a] little thirsting flaggon, and straight make
All speed to the great house of such a friend,
And tell him, he desir'd him for to send
Some of his milde *Surrentine* wine, and so
Having drank that, unto the Baths he'd go.
When being there, thither did come by chance
His own Physitian, who straight cast a glance
On this his patient, and to him said,
Why You are pale, and are you not afraid?
Tush man, saith he, that's nothing. Yet beware,
Said his Physitian, and pray have a care,
What ere this nothing is. For I doe see,
Your yellow sickly skin swels secretly.
Well, prethee now, said he, doe not thou raile
At me; for thou thy selfe dost looke more pale
And worse, be not a Tutor unto me,
One I have had, and buri'd; now for thee,
Thou yet remainst. On then, and doe not cease,
Said his Physitian, and Ile hold my peace.
This gallant then swelling with daintie cheere,
Bathes his pale belly, and without all feare
His throat halfe stopt with grosse corrupted steame,
Leasurely breathing a sulphureous steame
But midst his wines a suddaine trembling seaz'd
Upon each joynt of him, that his diseas'd
Weake hand could not his luke-warme bowle retaine;
And his uncover'd teeth ev'n gnasht againe,
And then through his loose lips, his fine cild meate
He vomits, which he greedily had eate;
Then were prepared for his funerall

[a] *A small flaggon.*

The

The o Trumpet, and the Lights, and last of all,
This seeming-happy man that would not doubt,
His health, being composedly laid out
On his high bed, his biere, and now daub'd o're
And ev'n bedurted with th' abundant store
Of ointments; stretcheth tow'rd the Citie-gate
His cold dead heeles; and those whose best estate
But yesterday, was but to be his slave,
p Now weare their caps, and beare him to his grave.
q What? then belike y' apply this same to me?
But (wretched foole!) th'art out. For know, I'me free;
Touch but my veines, feele how my heart doth beat;
There's but a wonted moderated heat.
Or feele the bottomes of my feet, or hold
My hands, thou shalt perceive they are not cold.
r Tis true. But know, seduced man, there stick
Diseases in thy soule, tis that is sick
For if thou see by chance much gold, or spie
Thy neighbours smooth-cheek'd wench to cast an eye
Upon thee, smiling with a wanton glance
Speake true, doth then thy heart orderly daunce?
There's set before thee on thy boord, to eat,
In a cold dish hard hearbs, somewhat rough meat;
And coarse bread sifted in the peoples scarce;
Lets try your chaps. O are yee now averse?
In thy soft mouth there's hid a putrid soare,
Which touch'd with *Common* hearbs, would make thee roar

o *At the Funeralls of great Men, they use Trumpets, at Pipes at the burials of the meaner sort.* p *It was the custome of the* Romans *before their deaths to manumitte their servants, which by shaving their heads, and putting a capon.* q *The scornfull reply of the Centurion.*
r *The answer of* Persius.

So

So thy heart's cold, when pale feare doth affright
Thy haire like eares of corne standing upright.
Againe, fierce anger makes thy blood grow hote
Ev'n as a fire-brand doth a seething pote;
And then thy flaring eyes sparkling forth fire,
Thou sai'st and dost so in thy furious ire;
That mad *Oresles* dares sweare, such a fact
None but a man starke mad, ere durst to act.

THE

THE FOVRTH SATYRE,

ARGUMENT.

Yong Rulers: The complaint of Lust
On Avarice, unfit though just.

ART thou a common-wealths chiefe Governour?
(Suppose the bearded grave a Philosopher, a Sect.
Whom the cold draught of hemlock forc'd to die,
Thus to demand) on what dost thou relie?
What are thy grounds? speake *Alcibiades*,
Pupill unto the famous *Pericles*,
Oh, wit and grave discretion, I have heard
Indeed, doe many times prevent a beard!
And so thou knowst no doubt, though th' art but yong,
Both when to speak and when to hold thy tongue:
When therefore the vext multitude grow hot
With choler, and their duty have forgot;
Thou dost but lift up thy majestick hand;
And straight a generall silence dost command
Ore the tumultuous rout: Then what dost say?

b Oyee *Quiritians* (if prevaile *I* may)
I think this is not juſt that's done by you,
Nor this, 'twere better if you thus did doe.
For thou canſt weigh truth in the double ſcale
Of the moſt doubtfull ballance. If it faile,
Straight waies thou know'ſt it, yea, though hid it lie
Between a double crooked falſitie.
Or if a rule (ſo perfect is thy ſight)
Meaſure not ev'ry thing exactly right.
And the black c Theta ſigne of deadly ſhame
Thou canſt prefixe 'fore an offenders name.
Thou canſt doe this. Oh, 'twere a crime to doubt.
Come, come. Thou being faire only without
And in the skin in vaine, leave off to ſhake
Thy taile, before the flattering rout, or make
Suit for great offices, till age and cares
Have made thee fit to manage ſuch affaires.
Thou being fitter yet to drinke good ſtore
Of pure unmixt braine-purging *Hellebore*.
Wherein conſiſts thy laſt, thy greateſt wiſh?
d In having ev'ry day a full fat diſh.
Then with ſweet oile to noint thy skin, and lie
In the Sunnes pleaſant warmth till it be drie.
Why hadſt thou with the ſelfe ſame queſtion tri'd
This poore old woman; ſhe had ſo repli'd,
Goe now and boaſt how thy Nobilitie
Comes from th' illuſtrious *Dinomache*.

b *Theſe three lines are ſpoken in the perſon of this young Gouernour.* c *The Iudges being about to giue ſentence of death againſt a man, were wont to write his name in a table, and preſix before it, the letter* θ, *as being the firſt of* θάνατος, *ſignifying he was to be deliuered ouer to death.* d *The anſwer of this vaine fellow, and the reply of Perſius.*

Puſſe

Puffe out thy vaunts, and say, I'me comely, faire,
To grant thee such vaine praises I le not care,
When ragged gran'ame *Baucis*, that does crie
Unto the looser servants, *Will yee buy*
Any sweet hearbes, has as much wit as thee
That thus dost boast of thy vaine pedegree.
That no man will descend to his own heart,
And serch the secrets of that hidden part!
No man! But have their eyes fixt ever more
Upon his back and bagge, that goes before!
For doe but aske a man, by chance; D'yee know
Vestidius farmes? He'le say, *Vestidius*? Who?
The Chuffe of *Cures*, he whose grounds they say
A Kite can scarce flie o're in a whole day?
Him ev'n the Gods oppose and the sure fate
Of an unluckie *Genius*. Who (the date
Of time, bringing againe the Plow-mens e feast
When from their painfull labours they have ceas'd,
And now hung up their weary Oxens yoke
By the worne path (upon some aged oke)
When he should freely laugh, and make good cheere
For other plow-men (tis but once a yeare)
Most basely fearing to pull off the clay
From his small wine-vessell; hee'le fight, and say,
Pray *Iove*, that this my prodigalitie
Bring me not in the end, to beguerie!
A coated oignion then with salt he eats;
(His servants much applauding such brave meats!
Nay and rejoycing for their happy lot
And for the barly-pudding in the pot)
Then sparingly he sups instead of beere;

e *These feasts were called* Compitalia, *and were celebrated in honour of their* Lares.

The cloathy dregges of dying Viniger.
But straight replies the other, if thou noint'st
With supple oyle thy foule lubberly joynts
And ly'st in the hot Sun letting it bear
Upon thy skin, with its strong patching heat:
There's one whom thou scarce know'st stands here hard by
Ev'n at thy elbow, that could likewise cry
Against thy manners, and thy lewder art,
The depilation of thy modest part,
And of thy lungs, to prostitute thereby
Unto a barren lust thy pathick thigh:
Thy Cheekes bearing a kemb'd, oil'd beard: Elsewhere
Where dost thou too-unjustly smooth appeare?
Scrape on, but though five lustie wrastlers would
Root up these springing plants: yea though they should
With crooked pinsers, by their tugging off,
Weaken thy parts of shame, though first made soft,
With Barbers soapie water, so to yeeld
The better, to the plowers of this field:
Yet this o're spreading fearne will never bow
Unto the deepest furrow-making plow.
Thus we wound others and doe yeeld agen
Our thighs unto the darts of other men.
And thus we know mans life pursu'd to be
By this too much assumed Libertie.
g Yet some mens faults, because they hidden lie
From the enquirie of their Enimie,
Are not objected to them; yet are knowne
Unto him, to whom they cry, We are thine owne:

g Under in this line, I extendedly depart from the Letter of the Author, yet without thy losse. g The passage here, was obscure, wherefore I was forced to be a little diffuse in the framing of the connexion, and so inserted these foure verses.

Thou hast a secret wound under thy side;
But thy broad gold-boss'd girdle doth it hide:
So though thou make men say, th'art well (in vaine)
Will thy side say so too, that feeles the paine?
Thou'lt here perchance reply, What? when as all
My neighbours Me an exc'lent fellow, call;
And say, I am not as your common men,
Shall I, ah, can I not beleeve 'hem then?
b Alas, blinde wretch! if at the sight of gold
With avaricious love thou waxest cold
And pale, if ev'ry thing thou likewise doe,
Which griefe-procuring lust provokes thee to,
If on the table of thy Usurie,
By most oppressing heavie crueltie,
As by a strong deep-wounded scourge, thou make
Many a sure-imprinted grievous strake,
To the false praising people thou maist lend.
Thy spungie, sucking cares; but to no end.
Seeme not more then thou art, neither believe
The ignorant applause base Cobblers give.
The curtail'd store of thy bare povertie.

h *The reply of* Persius *to his own objection.*

THE

THE FIFT SATYRE.

IN FORME OF A DIALOGUE.

The Speakers { PERSIUS. CORNUTUS.

ARGVMENT.

Cornutus prayse: Philosophie: Oppos'd desires: true libertie.

OVr Poets use to wish they had large lungs
And a whole hundred voices, mouthes, and tongues;
If they would write a buskin'd Tragedie,
Or yawn'd out with the sad Majestie
Of Tragœdian: or describe the high
Minded *Parthian* pulling from his thigh

A hook-like bearded dart. *C.* Why speak'st Thou thus
And heapest up such vast robustious
And swelling lines, that thou thy selfe dost need
A hundred throats, if thou'dst attaine indeed
The end which such endeavours tend to? Rather
Let them, who'le write some loftie matter, gather
Clouds off of *Helicon*, to whom the pot
Of *Progne*, or *Thyestes* shall grow hot;
Of which, the fond Tragœdian *Glyco* must
Oft make his supper. But thou neither dust
Puffe from thy mouths full bellowes much vaine winde
The whil'st the matter boyling in thy minde,
Thy forge: nor with an inward murmuring
Hoarsly crow-like caw'st out some idle-thing;
I know not what: nor dost thou strive to stuffe
Thy swelling cheekes, to breake them with a puffe.
Thy words are words of peace, and accurate
Thy stile; thy mouth not swolne, but moderate
Smooths out thy numbers; thou canst touch to th' quicke
Pale manners: and with an ingenious tricke
Strike a crime through; and hence indeed from crimes
Doe thou draw still the subject of thy rimes:
And leave the feast made with the feet and head
Of *Plysthenes* wofully mutthered,
At sad *Myoene*: and doe thou detestie
Thy peoples banquets full of luxurie.
P. Surely, I strive not that my leafe may rise
With swelling bubbles of vaine fopperies,
Fit to give weight to smoake. We speake retir'd:
And inwardly I by my muse inspir'd
Here offer ev'n my secret heart to bee
By thee tri'd fully. For I'de have thee see
Cornutus, dearest friend, how great a part
Of my deare, yet divided soule thou art.

Knock

Knock on my breſt: for thou haſt skill to knowe
What ſoundeth ſolid, and the cover'd ſhow
Of a guilt tongue. And oh here I could crave
A hundred voices; that how much I have
Fixt thee within my many-feated breſt,
In a pure fluent ſtile might be expreſs't:
And that which now ineffable doth dwell
Within my heart, in words I here could tell.
When firſt I did begin to leave to feare
Under a Maſter: and left off to weare
My purple-Coat, and ſtill preſerved free
From violation my weake infancie:
And when my golden Boſſe I newly had
Hung up to my a ſuccinct Houſe-Gods: when bad,
And flattering companions guarded me:
When now my white Shield granted libertie
Unto mine eyes freely to rove throughout
The lewd *Suburra*: when I was in doubt
Which way to take: and when my trembling minde
Was by pernicious errour almoſt blinde:
Miſ-led into divided paths: I then
Offer'd my ſelfe to thy inſtruction. When
Thou ſtraight way didſt embrace my tender youth
In thy *Socratique* boſome: and the truth
Of thy rule well-appli'd; skilfull to draw
Feeble inclining minds to reaſons law,
Shew'd me intorted manners: and thy minde
Was preſs'd by reaſon, thoroughly confin'd
To learned precepts, ſtrove to be o'recome;
And tooke a faire forme from thy skilfull thombe.
For I remember oft I with delight

a *To ſignifie their readineſſe and expedition in defence of the houſe, which was committed to their tutelary charge.*

Have spent long daies with thee; and of the night
Have borrow'd the first houres, feasting with thee
On the choice dainties of Philosophie.
One worke we wrought, we rested both one rest;
Mixing severenesse, with a modest jest.
For doubt not, both our birth-daies joyn'd in one
Sure league, drawne from one constellation:
Or the unchanged *Parca* weigh'd our time
With ah ev'n ballance, or that first, that prime
Birth-houre of us true friends did blessedly
Place our embracing fates in *Gemini*,
And heavie *Saturnes* sterne malignitie
Was broke by our good *Ioves* benignitie.
I know not what, but sure some starre I see,
Which inwardly disposes me tow'rds thee.
Yet there's a thousand sorts of men, and strange
Varietie doth humane actions change.
Each hath his sev'rall will, nor doe all live
With one desire. For, one his minde doth give
To Merchandizing, and with care doth runne
Out to the East under the rising Sunne;
To get rough peper, and pale Cummin seed
For *Roman* wares; Another loves to feed.
His paunch, and then swell with destelling sleep;
A third doth *Mars*-field wrastlings duly keep;
A fourth turnes bankrupt by the desp'rate dye;
A fift growes rotten by damn'd Venerye.
But when the knottie hand-gout has once broke
Their joynts, as th' boughs of some decayed oke,
Anger and griefe doe then begin a strife
Within them, for their base and dastie life
Now spent, when now, but now too late, they looke
Upon the life they wretchedly forsooke.
But thou in learned writings dost by night

Grow

Grow pale. Thou makeſt it thy cheefe delight
To ſow young purged eares with fruitfull truths,
With good *Cleanthes* fruit draw hence yee youths,
Yee old men, for your ſelves, ſome cerraine end,
Some helps from cares your old age to defend.
b To morrow wee'le doe this. *b* Alas! you'le doe
The ſame, to morrow; *c* Why aske wee of you
So much, to wit, onely one day? *c* But when
The third day comes, wee have conſumed then
To-morrow Yeſterday, and thus to borrow
Of time, though yet to come, ſtill one to-morrow
Will ſecretly drive out our yeares at laſt,
When ev'ry day a new day will be paſt,
Never to be recover'd. For thou wheele
Which doſt about the ſecond Axle reele
Hinder moſt, maiſt in vaine ſtrive to or'take
The firſt ſtill turning forward, which doth make
Like haſt, with equall ſwiftneſſe, though thou be
Hard by it plac'd under the ſelfe ſame tree.
Whoſ'eyer then true libertie would gaine,
Let him embrace Philoſophie, for vaine
Is other freedome, ſuch, to wit, whereby
Any new *Publius* may familiarity
In his (the *Veline*) tribe coorſe come demand
By bringing but his token in his hand.
O men barraine of truth, that think they can,
Make with a turning, a *Quintian*!
Here's *Dama* a baſe horſe-keeper, not worth
Three halfe-pence, a meere ſot that can't look forth
From out the miſt of *Ignorance*, and one

b He brings them in anſwering for themſelves, and then he replies againe unto them. *c Another anſwer of theirs, with his owne reply.*

Who'le lie ev'n for the leaſt occaſion,
For horſe-bread, whom if's Maſter turne about,
I'th' moment of the whirling he goes out
Straight, *Marcus Dama*. The Gods! Darſt deny
To truſt one, *Marcus* being ſuretie?
Or, *Marcus* being judge, art pale with feare
Of wrong? *Marcus* ſaid it, then thou maiſt ſweare
Tis true. Now *Marcus* ſeale the Bond. Oh, here's
Brave Libertie and true, which our Cap weares
As well as we! *d* Why is there any free,
But he, the which doth live at libertie?
I live at libertie, and am not I
More free then *Brutus* then? Oh here ſtands by
A well-taught *Stoicke*, whoſe more purged eare
Is waſh'd, as 'twere, with Truths ſharp vineger,
That ſaies, I grant the firſt; but where you ſay,
I live at libertie, take that away.
f Why? ſince I came from th' *Pretors* rod mine owne
Free man, Ile now be ſubject unto nones
And why may't't I doe with full libertie
Whats'e're *g Muſurius* doth not deny?
h Oh, learne, but this thy anger firſt depoſe,
And let fall from thy too-much-wrinkled noſe,
Thy rugged ſcoffe? whilſt from thy lungs I pull
Theſe old wives tales, of which thy breſt's yet full,
It was not in the *Pretors* pow'r to give
Pure wiſdome unto fooles, or make them live
By reaſons rule. No; thou ſhalt ſooner fit
Unto the harp, a rough rude ſouldiers wit.

d The anſwer of Dama *now manumis'd.* *e The reply of* Perſius. *f Another anſwer of* Dama. *g A famous Lawyer, and afterwards a Knight of* Rome. *h Another reply of* Perſius.

Gaine

'Gainſt which reaſon doth ſtand, and ſecretly
Whiſpers him in the eare, and ſaies, Fie, Fie;
Never attempt what thou canſt ne're reach to,
And only ſpoile, whilſt thou doſt ſtrive to doe.
The law of man and nature both denie
Weake ignorance the priviledge to trie
Forbidden things. Doſt thou mixe *Hellebore*
For a ſick patient, who ne're trid'ſt before
To weigh't exactly to a dramme? The art
Of Phyſick bids thee not dare act this part.
If a rude high-ſhoo'd clowne offer to ſteere
A ſhip not knowing his guide *Lucifer*,
The Sea-God *Melicerta* may exclaime,
The brow of modeſty hat loſt all ſhame?
Has vertues art taught thee to walke upright?
And canſt thou with a perſpiecacious ſight
Diſcerne the ſhew of truth from truth? Doſt know
Counterfeit gold by the ſound? and canſt thou ſhew
What things to follow, what things to decline,
The firſt with chalke, the laſt with coale to ſigne?
Art of confin'd deſires? haſt thou a ſmall
And pretty well-trim'd houſe? art kinde to all
Thy friends? canſt wiſely ſometimes ſhut thy ſtore,
Sometimes open thy garners to the poore?
And with a pure affection unhurt
Canſt thou paſſe over money i fixt i'the dyrt?
Nor as a greedy glutton, love to lick

i *An alluſion to the ſport that children uſed, who tying a peice of money to the end of a ſtring, would cover the ſtring with dirt, and let the money be ſeene; which, when any greedy fellow paſſing by, would ſtoope to take up, they would pluck in the ſtring; and ſo delude him.*

Mercuriall spittle, which doth use to stick
Vpon the lippes of Niggards? When as all
These things thou maist thine own most truly call;
Then, Oh be wise, enjoy true liberty,
The *praetors*, yea, and great *Iove* blessing thee,
But Thou but th'other day of our degree,
Retaining still thy old skinne, being free
Only in a smooth brow, that outward part,
Deepe subtilty lurking in thy foule heart:
The Liberty I gave thee, I againe
Recall, and doe tye shorter now thy chaine.
For Reason unto thee doth nothing lend:
Lift but thy [k] Finger up, thou dost offend;
And what's so small? But thou shalt ne're obtaine
By any franke incense that the least Graine
Of wisedome shall e're rest within a foole:
To mix these Two, is against Natures rule.
Not shalt thou, thou remaining a Clowne still,
Ere daunce three measures with *Bathyllus* skill.
I I'me Free. *I* How canst thou say so, thy affection
Being invassal'd to the worst subjection?
Knowst thou no other Master, but he whom
The Manumitting rod did free thee from?
Indeed if Now, one say imperiously
To's slave, Goe, Sirra, carry presently
This linnen to *Crispinus* Bathes; dost stand

[k] Ramirez (*in his Commentary on* Martial, *lib.* 1. *Epig.* 1.) *would perswade us that this place is meant* de Medio digito, *but his exposition is somewhat ranke, and I will justly oppose him with that discreet admonition of* Turnebus (*Adverss. lib.* 23. *cap.* 23. Non sunt tam ex alto ducendi sensus, de quibus poeta nihil cogitarit. ‖ *Another reply of* Dama, *and the answere of* Persius.

Still

Sill, Lazie knave? This his severe command
Doth move thee nothing? because now no whip
May scourge Thy Lazie sides, to make Thee skip.
But if within, in thy sick lungs doe spring
Head-strong desires, art Thou in any thing
Lesse servile then, than is such a poore knave,
Whom th'whip and feare of's Master made a slave?
Thou lying long in bed, avarice cries,
Vp, Vp, Not yet, saist thou: For shame arise,
Cries shee; I can't: thou dost reply: Why so,
Saies shee againe? Rise, Rise; dost thou not know
What thou should'st doe? Why goe to th'Sea, bring thence
Fish, Beaver-oile, flaxe, Eben, frankincense,
And loosning wines of *Co*, and be the first
To fetch from th'Camel, whilest he yet doth thirst,
Fresh pepper: exchange somewhat, and forsweare
For Gaine. O but (alas!) then *Love* will heare.
Why, foole, if thou wilt dwell with *Love*, thou shalt
Striving but to get out one taft of salt,
Boare a hole through thy oft-lick'd sale-seller.
Well, being got up, thou dost (not to deferre
To execute her will) provide thy men
Bagges for to lay their clothes in, and then
Lai'st in wine, with such other things thou know'st
Are fit for Navigation: then straight go'st
To shippe, where nothing hinders thee to saile
O're the *Ægæan* Sea with a full gaile.
But Luxurie. That doth seduce thy weake
Unstayednesse, and thus with Art doth speake.
Whither, Oh whither madman, dost thou run?
Whither? What lackst thou? What would'st thou have done?
(*m*) And now thy hot brest with strong ire doth swell,

(*m*) *These two lines the Poet interjects in his own person.*

Which

Which a whole pot of Hemlock can scarce quell,)
Wilt thou passe ore the Seas? Wilt thou ere eate
Thy Supper, making a Stretch'd Rope thy feate?
Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does stinke
Of pitch fume out the wine, that Thou must drinke?
Nay, vile ruddie *Veientane* wine? striv'st thou
To make thy lab'ring money sweat forth now
Elev'n in twelve, the which did heere obtaine
Ne're above Five in Twelve, a modest gaine?
Come, come: cherish thy *Genius*; let's be free
T'enjoy a full delight; for without Me
Life is Not: and remember that ere long,
Thou shalt be but a Ghost, dust, and the song
O'th'People. Think how thou by death shalt passe
Away, like Time. This which I've spoke, it was.
What dost thou now? Two hookes a double way
Now draw thee; Wilt thou this, or this obey?
Thou must be slave to both alternately:
Now serving Avarice, now Luxurie.
Nor mayst thou, if thou dost for Once withstand
Their instant and importunate command,
Say straight, *I've* broke their bands; For loe,
A dogge by tugging breaks his knot, just so,
Who, though he runne away and bite and straine,
Yet at his neck doth traile much of his chaine.

Chærestratus in serious meditation
Biting his naile to th'quick through deep vexation
Saies to his man; *Davus*, I now intend
All my fore-passed griefes and Love to end;
Beleeve mee. For shall *I* be still a shame,
Unto my sober carefull friends good name?
Shall *I* spend all my stock with infamy
At the lewd threshold of a Stews? Shall *I*
Drunke before *Glycyis* painted moist doores stand
Singing,

Singing, my torch extinguish'd in my hand?
o *O rare young Master!* Behence-forward wise
And offer up a lambe in sacrifice,
To thy protecting Gods. o But dost believe
Davus, if *I* forsake her, that shee'le grieve?
p Dost trifle, *Idle boy?* Then she shall breake
Thy pate with her red pantofle, and wreake
Her spight upon thee, that thou shalt not dare
To quake, nor bite her fast-entangling snare.
Th'art Now averse ad violent, but when
She shall perchance but call thee: thou'lt say then;
I come straight waies, for, why? what should I doe?
Shan't *I* goe to my Love, when Shee doth Woo,
And sends for me? But if thou canst Now, Now
Redeeme thy selfe All and Entire, Thou, Thou
Art that thrise happy man, that only He
Whom only, We judge to be truly free,
Not he, o're whom the foolish *Lictor* wagges
His rod; and of him, as his Freeman bragges.
For, Oh, can he be truly call'd his owne,
Whom Candidate Chaulkie ambition
Drawes gaping to her lure? To whom shee cries,
q Vnto thy Clients salutations rise
By time, and give a lib'rall doale of pease
Vnto the scrambling multitude: that these
Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke
Of Aged men hereafter as they walke
In the warme Sunne, For what can be more brave?

---

n Davus *his rejoycing at his Masters promised reformation.*
o *The interrogation of* Chærestratus *to his servant* Davus.
p Davus *his indignation, at his Masters weake inconstancie.*
q *The words of Ambition.*

And

And art not Superstitious to have
On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd
In order i'th'oild window much defac'd
By the fat clowd the which they vomit out,
Though with sweet violets th'are deck'd about;
And t'have a Tunies taile, as 'twere to swimme
In a red dish, thy white bowle full to th'brimme
With wine, yet dost not fast till night, and pray
All the *Iewes* circumcised Sabbath-day?
Then with Hobgoblins, and the feigned feare
Of danger from a crack't egge, and th'austere
Grave Priests of *Cybill*, and the one-eyed maid
Of *Isis* with her timbrell, th'art dismaid,
And think'st the Gods will puffe with some disease
Thy swelling skinne: if thou shalt them displease:
Refusing by their grave rules to be led,
To tast each morne three times a Garlick-head.
And saist thou yet, thou liv'st at liberty,
Being subject to th'extremest vanity?
Yet speake this, which the Gods doe know, is true,
Mongst ful-veind souldiers: what would straight ensue?
Some vast *Polpenius* with a full deep throat
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note:
And ten times tenne Philosophers of *Greece*
Would scarcely prize at a clipt Ten-groats peece.

1 *These words are spoken in the person of* Persius.

THE

THE SIXT AND LAST SATYRE,

TO HIS FRIEND Cæsius Bassus a Lyrique Poet.

ARGUMENT.

The pining Niggards fruitlesse care,
To feed the lust of his lewd heire.

NOw, *Bassus*, hath the cold made thee retire
Thy selfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?
Doe thy own harpe and strings live to thee still,
Sounding lowd musick with a stiffer quill?
Great workman! whose blest Muse sweet lines affords
Full of the Nativebeauty of Old words:
And on the *Roman* harpe with happinesse
Of skill, a masculine, strong sound t'expresse!
Now playing youg mens sports, now playing some
Brave Old mens actions, with an honest thombe.
The warme *Ligurian* shoare growes hot to Mee:
And I'me now wintered at my native Sea;

Where

Where the rocks yeeld a ſhoare to them that ſaile,
And where the haven into a large vale
Retires it ſelfe. *Tis fairely worth the ſight,*
The port of Luna full of much delight.
Thus ſaid wiſe *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamed he was
Homer, the fift form'd by *Pythagoras*
His Peacocke ſoule. Here I retir'd live free
From caring what the People think of me:
And what th'unlucke South-wind doth prepare
For Cattle; Nor doe I take griefe or care
If that my neighbours field's more fat then mine.
Let all poore-borne-grow rich, Ile never pine
With ſtooping age; for That or want good cheere:
Or touch the ſigne of dreggy ſealed beere
In a hoar'd flaggon. Yet another may
Diſſent from this. For of the ſame birth-day
Hath an Aſcendent ſtrongly influent
Producing ev'n in twinnes a difference
Yea an oppoſed *Genius*, For the one
Warily with great circumſpection,
And on his Birth-day, only dips his drie
Coorſe hearbs in brinish ſauce, which he doth buy
In a ſmall cup, His Own ſelfe ſprinkling
His diſh with Pepper as a Holy thing.
The other a brave boy couragiouſly
Spends his large portion in luxury
On his conſuming tooth. But as for Mine,
Ile Uſe it: yet ne're let my Freedmen dine
With Turbets; nor be curious-mouth'd to know
But by the taſt, if't be a Truth or no.
Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:
And grind out freely (for thou maiſt) thy graine
Laid up within thy barnes. What ſhouldſt thou feare?
But harrow, and behold ſtraight will appeare

Another harveſt. a Why, I would thus ſpend,
But duties hinders me. For my poore friend,
His ſhip being ſplit, held by the *Brutian*
Sharp rocks; and burn'd in th' *Ionian*
Rough waves all his eſtate, and his deafe cries
Neglected by the Gods, and himſelfe lies
Upon the ſhoare wi h his great Gods, which he
Caught from his broken ſhip, whoſe ribs now be
Expos'd unto the Cormorant. b Nay, Now
Give him ſome of thy Land, and doe not thou
Think thou canſt be too free, Let him not lack,
Wandring with a greene * Table at his back.
But if thou impaire thy wealth, thy angred heire
Of thy laſt funerall feaſt will take ſmall care;
And with neglect into thy urne will throw
Thy bones without perfumes, careleſſe to knowe
Whether he buy dull-ſmelling Cinnamum,
Or Caſſia corrupt with Cherry-gumme:
Hee'le ſay, What doſt thou idly ſpend thy wealth,
My portion, being in thy perfect health?
But more; I'me ſure ther's thriftie *Beſſus*
Doth preſſe your learn'dſt *Grecian* Doctors, thus;
Thus 'tis, ſince your fond Liberalitie,
Rather c emaſculate ſoft Luxurie,
With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come
From your lewd *Greece* unto our Citty *Rome*,

a *The covetous man pretended reaſon in defence of himſelfe.*
b Perſius *his reply.* * *The table of his ſhipwrack.* c *Thus with the moſt accurate interpreters, I render* Matris Expers, *taking* Matris *for the genitive caſe of* Mas, *not of* Mare. *For then there were a manifeſt contradiction in the ſenſe, becauſe preſently after, he ſaies, it came from* Greece, *and ſo by conſequent over the* Sea.

Our very Mowets doe with too much oile
Their ancient wholsome meate sawcily spoile
d But fear'st these things beyond thy grave? Draw neere;
Thou whosoe're shalt be my heire, and heare:
And that into our talke none may intrude,
Let us retire from the thick multitude
My friend, know'st not the newes? *Cæsar* hath sent
A Laurell for a signe and ornament
Of his great conquest over *Germanie*:
And the cold ashes which before did lie
Upon the Altars, are now swept away:
And with great care and joy e *Cæsonia*
Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of proofe
And all their weapons to the temples roofe,
Clads all the Captives in a durt-browne freize;
Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vast size;
And orders all their coaches; Wherefore I
Will bring for this so happy victory
f To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*
An hundred paire of fencers. I being thus
Freely dispos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'st thou?
Woe; if thou yeeld'st not, Say, that I' me pleas'd now
Upon the people to bestow a doale
Of oile and flesh-pies; dost thou dare controule?
Speake out, and plainly. Why, your land, thou'lt say;
Is not so fat, so boneless, but I may,
For any cause J see, not greatly care;
Whether or no, you doe make me your heire.

d Persius *here answers to the obiection, which he himself brought for the covetous man.* e *The Emperour* Caligula's *wife makes all things ready for the triumph.* f *The* Romans *counted their Fencers shewes and Playes a part of their Religion;* as Turnebus *well observes in his* Advers. lib. 39. cap. 7. p. 1093.

Wel

Well then, scorne thou my love; yet thus much know;
Enough will be my heire; and thanke me too.
For were none of my fathers sisters left;
No cousin-germane; or were I bereft
Of all my Unkle's neeces daughters, say,
My mothers sister had di'd barren, nay,
That none sprung from my grandame did survive.
Briefly, that not one kinsman were alive.
Il'e goe but to *g Boville*, or the *g* hill
Of *Virbius*, where standeth ready still,
Poore *Mannius*; he shall be my heire. *h* What he?
A sonne o'th' earth? obscure? *h* Why aske of me.
Who was my fourth Forefather, I cann't well
And readily declare, though I can tell.
But if you'de know his Father, and againe
That fathers father, sure you must remaine
Satisfied thus; that he did draw his birth
Immediatly from his Mother earth;
And so at last, you'le finde *Mannius* to be
By right of kinne great Unkle unto me.
Yet why at all should'st thou indeed desire
To be my heire, when thou might'st be my Sire
For age? and why should'st thou demand of me
My torch, when I in i course runne after thee?
Yet if thou be my heire, me thinks, thou ought'st
To be content, with what thou never bought'st

g *These were Places not far from Rome, whereby beggers vsed to aske almes of Passengers.* h *The interrogation of his covetous heire, and thereply of Persius.* i *An allusion to the race celebrated in honour of Prometheus, where the foot-running with a torch in his hand, when he was weary, gaue it to the next after him.*

I me *Mercury*, and come, to Thee, a God,
As he is k Painted. With a churlish nod
Scorn'st my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad
For what is left? Why, heres not all you had
L. fi to you by your Father. l True indeed,
Much I did spend on my own proper need.
But, briefly, this is all is left, which all
I'le give to thee; and doe not thou now brawle
Unkindly with me, neither aske me where
Is that which *Tadius* left me, and ne're
Give me hard words; as fathers drawing nigh
Their end, doe give their sonnes before they die;
Saying, See thou put out the Principall,
And spend but of the Use, let that be all.
m But yet, What's left? m What's left? Now lib'rally
Pow're boy, pow're oyle upon my hearbs. Shall I
Upon a high festivall day, be fed
With a sod nettle, and a leane swines head
Hung up i'th' smoake by th' eare; unto the end
This lewd knave may my goods hereafter spend?
And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without shame
Lewdly embrace a soft *Patrician* Dame;
When as his wayward, full swolne, chiding veine;
With an uncertaine lust doth sob againe?
Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloath, that
To him a strutting pancli may quag with fat?
n Oh, sell thy soule for gaine, to leave thy heire
Wealthy, and so thou getteſt by thy ware.

k *With a purse of money in his hand.* l *The murmuring obiection of his covetous heire, and the reply of* Persius m *One murmuring interrogation more, of his greedie heire; and the reply of* Persius *full of indignation.* n *A Satyricall Irony in the person of some Third Speaker.*

Ne're

Ne're care how honestly. Sift ev'ry coast,
Of the whole world, that that thou maist truly boast,
No man feeds fatter *Cappadocian* knaves
In a rough cage, then are thy lustie slaves.
Double thy wealth. o Tis done; nay 'tis has increas'd
Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet scarce is 'ceas'd.
And now, where likewise I may rest, designe,
Chrysippus, thou that didst thy p heap confine.

o *The answer of* Persius. p Sorites, *of which kinde of Argumentation* Chrysippus *was the Author.*

The end of PERSIUS.

To the Author his very good Friend, D. BARTEN HOLYDAY

RE-living Persius, *daies birth, heir of fame;*
I wrong not Persius, *giving thee his name;*
If any, I wrong thee, for what He did
Had'st thou him not illustred, had beene hid.
This being but thy Pedestall *of prayse,*
Oh what a Pyramis *will thy* Next *worke rayse?*
True Laureat, with blest Omens goe thou on;
All-imitable, imitating none,
I speake not this (nor need'st thou it) of Favour:
But as one conscious of thy Great workes labour.
My tongue was never ey'ld i' th' base claw-art.
In Others read thou Wit, in Me my Heart,

W. WEB.

To my learned Friend D. BARTEN HOLYDAY upon his iudicious translation of PERSIUS.

WHat lay imprison'd, and confin'd alone
Only to deeper apprehension;
Thy more benigne, sublimd, transcendent wit
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, and imparted it.
And givn't to all, which makes it more thine own
Since all are heires of that invention,
Nor doth one iot, so sweet congruity,

Adulterate

Adulterate the Latine *chastity*,
All things conserv'd, so verse, so nothing lost;
As if thou didst consult with th' Authors Ghost;
Such heights, such sacred indignation
As seemes a Persius, *no Translation.*
On, learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name
From times proud Injury, Traytor to fame:
Nor suffer yet, that Italy *so long*
Should make her Vice speake English, *not her tongue;*
Whip back her bastards, send them home to Rome;
Let her that was their Parent, be their tombe.
Meane while I dare Congratulate our Crimes
Made happy that they could produce these Rimes.

BRIAN DUPPA. *Bishop of* Sarum.

AN APOSTROPHE OF THE Translator to his Author *PERSIVS*,

THou art Redeem'd; Nor hat the Fate of Time
And Vice seiz'd on thy glory, the worst crime
Which does o'recloud the guilty, addes to Thee
A Lustre which out shines obscurity. (Rome
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus *tombe?*
Yet did it not: but did at last bring forth
Thee the Example of her Ancient worth.
In whom, had Vesta's *fire by which* Rome *stood*
Been out, there might have yet been found as good.
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate

Strongly exhale from their infectious fomes
Th' envenom'd fogg; of vice; And then inflame
Them, that they may be lights to their Own shame;
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth
With horror, at its own prodigious birth;
And, with its darting taile threatning dread
Vengeance, point out to wrath each guilty head.
Be thou the Vestall fire, thy Priest Ile be,
And consecrate my vigilance to Thee.
Be thou th' enlivening Sunne, Ile be the Earth,
And offer up to thee this gratefull birth
Of thanks: which thus now giv'n, though straight it
It has liv'd Ages in its Infancy. Die,
Action, not Time, does number Age. Who gives
A just praise to great Virtues Patrone, lives
Himselfe by his just gratitude. Let Spight
Then doe its worst, and with eternall night
Labour to clowd my name. Obscure to lie
With Virtue, is an immortalitie.

Batten Holyday.

THis lash has but *Six* knots: but see thou mend
Or *peraduenture* else I shall intend
(Although my angry *Muse* saies Shee will be
No more thus Wit-bound, thus Tongue-tied, not
To come in Fury; and thee Naked strip; (Shee
And Scourge thee with a *Sixteen* knotted whip.

FINIS.